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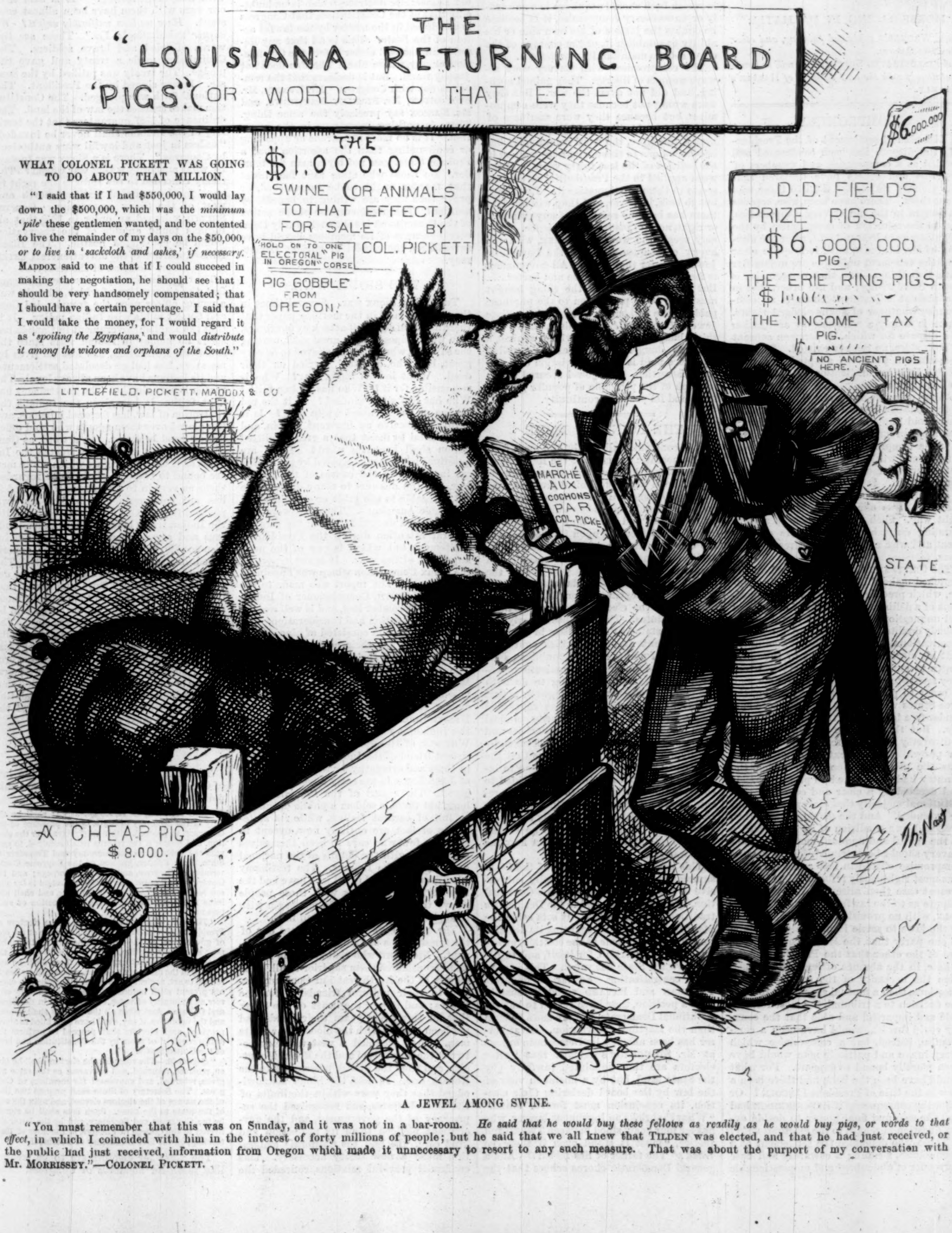
THE "LOUISIANA RETURNING BOARD 'PIGS'." (OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT.)
WHAT COLONEL PICKETT WAS GOING TO DO ABOUT THAT MILLION.
"I said that if I had $550,000, I would lay down the $500,000, which was the minimum 'pile' these gentlemen wanted, and be contented to live the remainder of my days on the $50,000, or to live in 'sackcloth and ashes,' if necessary. MADDOX said to me that if I could succeed in making the negotiation, he should see that I should be very handsomely compensated; that I should have a certain percentage. I said that I would take the money, for I would regard it as 'spoiling the Egyptians,' and would distribute it among the widows and orphans of the South."
LITTLEFIELD, PICKETT, MADDOX & CO
THE $1,000,000, SWINE (OR ANIMALS TO THAT EFFECT.) FOR SALE BY COL. PICKETT
"HOLD ON TO ONE ELECTORAL" PIG IN OREGON" CORSE
PIG GOBBLE FROM OREGON!
$6.000.000
D.D. FIELD'S PRIZE PIGS. $6.000.000 PIG.
THE ERIE RING PIGS.
THE INCOME TAX PIG.
NO ANCIENT PIGS HERE.
LE MARCHÉ AUX COCHONS PAR COL. PICKE
N.Y STATE
A CHEAP PIG $8.000.
MR. HEWITT'S MULE-PIG FROM OREGON.
Th: Nast

A JEWEL AMONG SWINE.

"You must remember that this was on Sunday, and it was not in a bar-room. *He said that he would buy these fellows as readily as he would buy pigs, or words to that effect*, in which I coincided with him in the interest of forty millions of people; but he said that we all knew that TILDEN was elected, and that he had just received, or the public had just received, information from Oregon which made it unnecessary to resort to any such measure. That was about the purport of my conversation with MR. MORRISSEY."—COLONEL PICKETT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a spirited double-page engraving, representing*

HORSE-RACING IN DALMATIA,

from WAGNER'S *celebrated painting, and other attractive features.*

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COMPROMISE.

THE plan of settlement of the Presidential dispute has been condemned and derided as a compromise, and members of Congress and others have declared that compromises are always fatal to those who favor them. There have been, also, copious references to the old slavery compromises, and to the rejection of compromise by the Republicans in 1860 and 1861, after the election of Mr. LINCOLN, until it is quite clear that the vehement objectors are unfamiliar with two things—one, that compromise is not in itself wrong; and the other, that in the present adjustment there is no compromise whatever of acknowledged rights. There is simply a reference to arbitration of a dispute for which, by common consent of both sides, no remedy existed. The settlement is a provision adopted by agreement. It is an arbitration of differences. So far it is a compromise. But there is nothing culpable in that. The reference of the *Alabama* dispute between the United States and England to the Geneva Tribunal was a compromise in the same sense. But it was a compromise showing the highest courage and wisdom and humanity. It was not a surrender of moral principle or undoubted right. It was merely the surrender of a resolution to insist upon our own way, because it was our own way, as the only right way. Such a compromise is a commanding duty, but it is possible only to great and wise and heroic natures and nations.

The CRITTENDEN compromise, and all the wretched make-shifts to avoid the inevitable, which preceded the war, were propositions of a deliberate surrender of undoubted and unquestionable legal and moral rights. Nobody doubted that Mr. LINCOLN had been constitutionally elected. But it was urged that his election was thought in the Slave States to endanger their property, so that they meant to secede and make trouble, and, in order to placate this apprehension, the Free States were besought to agree to surrender free territory to the chances of slavery. But this was the very point of the controversy that had created the Republican party. The non-extension of slavery was the great question upon which the country had been asked to pronounce. It had decided by a clear and conceded constitutional majority that slavery should not be extended. And the defeated party then proposed, as a condition of its acquiescence in the lawful and unquestioned result, that slavery should be extended. This was the compromise offered in 1860 and 1861; and it was most righteously refused. But had the present case then arisen, had there been a dispute as to the lawful election of Mr. LINCOLN, with no provision in the Constitution or the laws to settle it, and only the claim of one party that the House could decide, and of the other that the President of the Senate, in the absence of legislation, must, from the necessity of the case, decide all questions, then a mutual agreement to refer the decision to a tribunal, the most respectable and impartial and able that the country could furnish, would have been a compromise, indeed, but a compromise which every brave and patriotic man would have been morally bound to support. For what would have been the issue had there been a flaw in the title of President LINCOLN? Or what the consequence if BRECKINRIDGE had had the sole and final power to decide every question in regard to the electoral vote?

Those who denounce the settlement as a compromise, meaning a cowardly and base surrender of undoubted and unquestionable rights, forget that the Constitution not only does not provide for, but does not even contemplate, the dispute that has arisen. The glory of the settlement is that it proves the highest capacity of the American people for self-government by their subordination, in a critical moment, of party passion to patriotism. If the Republicans had merely insisted that HAYES was elected, and that if any question arose, the President of the Senate must, from the necessity of the case, decide it finally; and the Democrats had insisted that TILDEN was elected, and that the decision of the President of the Senate could not bind the House—what moral principle, what right, would have been at stake? What would there have been but opposing theories upon a trouble for which by common consent from the beginning the Constitution does not provide? If any body thinks that the harmonious agreement of both sides to leave a question which neither could satisfactorily settle to an arbitration in which both should acquiesce is a cowardly or unnecessary compromise, it is because he doubts the justice of his own side or his ability to establish it, or the courage of the other side to maintain its convictions.

The compromises with slavery were always wounds of liberty. They gained nothing, and did not avert the war. But they were wrong not because they were compromises, but because they were sacrifices of moral right, of justice and humanity. Naturally, therefore, the word compromise has become odious to those who were trained in the politics of the last thirty years, and the word applied to the Presidential settlement seems to them to stigmatize it. They have but to look, however, and they will see that there has been no sacrifice of any principle or right, none of justice or conscience. They may recall the words of BURKE, with the happy consciousness that "the immediate jewel" is safer than ever: "All government is founded upon compromise and barter...... But in all fair dealing the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." In this instance the thing bought is lawful provision against a limitless danger without existing relief. The price paid is the renunciation of a disputed assertion. The jewel secured is the triumph of the principle of popular government and its peaceful continuity.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

IT is constantly alleged by the more furious Democratic organs that the Republican cause before the Electoral Commission is argued upon wholly technical grounds, that the Republicans are perfectly conscious of enormous frauds upon their side in the disputed States, and that they are afraid to have the case decided upon its merits. On the contrary, they insist that it should be decided exclusively upon the merits, and that the question which was before the Commission in the Florida case was the limit of the legislative or Congressional power over the electoral vote as certified from the States. This was most clearly and decisively stated by Mr. KASSON in his brief and pregnant argument, which contained all the chief points of the Republican side. The question was one of constitutional interpretation. It had nothing to do with the popular vote, nor with alleged or actual frauds in an election, but was concerned solely with the proper authority to deal with frauds and all other irregularities and offenses at elections. The position taken by the Republicans was in substance that the power of Congress should be limited to inquiring in what way a State has decided to conduct the election and to certify the result, and to abide by that certification. The Democratic position was virtually that Congress or the Commission should go behind all the State system and ascertain how the vote was cast.

This position is destructive of the State supremacy in the election, totally subversive of the plain intention of the Constitution, and directly opposed to the Democratic tradition of State rights. It sets aside the State entirely, and, disregarding its declaration of what was done at the election, orders Congress to ascertain for itself, and to decide how the State has voted. This is complete centralization. So far as Senators THURMAN and BAYARD voted to sustain such a position, they have ceased to be constitutional Democrats, and are more Federal than the Hartford Convention. Great horror has been affected by Democratic organs at Mr. STOUGHTON'S remark that "after electors are thus appointed lawfully [by the State law], but by a mistaken view of the law by the board declaring their election, its conclusion must forever stand." "What!" shrieks an ingenuous lawyer, who has for four years stood between TWEED and justice, "must it stand even if there be *fraud?* The father of lies forbid!" And a general Democratic chorus echoes that the Republicans are willing to elect a President by fraud. But the constitutional point maintained by Mr. KASSON and the Republicans is held still more strongly by the Democratic New York *Sun*, which on the 22d of November said:

> "Any attempt by the two Houses or either of them to go behind the certificates and to determine the right of the electors to give the votes which they have certified when the State has decided that right by its competent authorities, will lead to conclusions in which the people of this country will not acquiesce. Thus if it shall be found on an inspection of the certificates of the Electoral Colleges when they are opened in the presence of the two Houses that Mr. HAYES has received 185 votes or more, that result must be accepted by the people as the legal result, whatever may have been the frauds committed in Louisiana or any other State in taking or returning or counting the popular vote.... The certainty that there are such frauds can not affect the legally certified election. Mr. HAYES must be inaugurated and acknowledged as President, even if the legal result is so tainted with fraud that honest men revolt at the very thought of what they must submit to."

In this passage the *Sun* merely asserts the old Democratic doctrine, which is undoubtedly that of the Constitution, that Congress is concluded in the matter by the lawful action of the State. This is all that any Republican has said either before the Commission or any where else. The *Sun* does not justify fraud. But it declares that the remedy is not with Congress. Mr. EVARTS, Mr. STOUGHTON, Mr. STANLEY MATTHEWS, and Mr. KASSON say precisely the same thing. There is nothing monstrous in the assertion. It is no more monstrous or appalling or confounding than the assertion that a Probate Court can not try a man for murder. Do those who state that fact insist that murder ought to be unpunished, or prove that they are willing to benefit by murder? The great surprise of the action of the Commission is that such sturdy Democrats as some of its members should have surrendered the citadel of ancient Democracy.

THE SIOUX WAR.

THERE is a Sioux war. Several times in the week we read in the morning paper that there has been a gallant attack by our forces, who were disposed with great skill, routing the savages, whose loss is believed to be very great, but who, as usual, carried off their dead. What is this Sioux war? Who is responsible for it? Who has broken faith? Who has lied and swindled? Is it the red savage or the civilized white man? Is it heroic to deceive an ignorant Indian, and sentimental to insist that a great civilized nation shall keep its word? These are questions which are suggested by the slightest inquiry into the causes of the Indian war, and the answers to many of them are not agreeable to the pride or conscience of honorable Americans. Those answers may be found in a document which has escaped general attention during the Presidential excitement, but which is one of the most important of the year. It is the report of the Sioux Commission which was appointed last August. The report was made to the Hon. J. Q. SMITH, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in December last, and is well worthy universal attention and consideration.

The Commission consisted of nine gentlemen selected for their acquaintance with the Indians and their friendship for them. The chairman was Colonel GEORGE W. MONEYPENNY, of Ohio, who was Indian Commissioner more than twenty years ago; and among the members were a grandson of DANIEL BOONE, who has been familiar with the Indians for fifty-five years, and Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, the brave and persistent friend of the Indians, whose interest in them and sympathy for them recall those of JOHN ELIOT in the early days of New England. The report of the Commission is long, but there is seldom a public document so full of earnest feeling, while its statements of fact are entirely new, except to the very few who care to keep themselves acquainted with the details of the national guilt toward the Indians. The testimony of military men and of all who have had the most intimate dealings with those people shows that the troubles do not begin with them, but with the national bad faith.

The Sioux, says the report, were one of the finest bodies of Indians upon the continent. NICOLLET, who visited all the Indian tribes, considered them superior to all. The officers of the Northwest Fur Company testify to their uniform friendship for the whites; and it was the boast of the Sioux that for thirty-five years their hands had not been stained with the blood of the white man. They occupied a vast territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and from the British possessions to the Kansas line. In 1825 the Sioux acknowledged that they were within the limits of the United States, and recognized the supremacy of the government, and the government pledged them its protection and kind care. In 1851 the California emigration made a new treaty necessary. This confirmed peaceful relations, conceded the right of the government to make military roads, and the Sioux agreed to make restitution for any injury done by them to any citizen of the United States. The government agreed by treaty to pay the Sioux fifty thousand dollars for fifty years. The Senate amended the treaty by limiting the appropriation to ten years. The amendment was never submitted to the Indians. They believed the treaty to be in force, and went to war, as we should have done, to maintain their rights.

Then came the mixed Commission, with General SHERMAN at the head. Generals HARNEY, TERRY, and AUGUR were also members. They reported unanimously that we alone were responsible for the war. Naturally the Indians were unwilling to make another treaty, except with a pledge on our part that no white man should ever enter their territory. The Commission sympathized with them. Its report is eloquent with honorable feeling. "It is said that our wars with them have been almost constant. *Have we been uniformly unjust? We answer unhesitatingly, Yes.*" These are the words of tried and brave soldiers. The Commission made a treaty and gave the pledge. The treaty was ratified by the Senate. It was signed by the President. The national faith was pledged. The Constitution makes treaties the law of the land. The ordinance of 1787 guarantees that the territory of the Indians shall never be invaded, "unless in just and lawful wars authorized by Congress." There is a Sioux war to-day. By what authority is that war waged? The treaty conceded to the Indians the right to hunt in the unceded territory north and west of the Sioux reservation. General SHERIDAN issued an order in 1869 that all Indians found outside of the reservation would be considered hostile. The Black Hills expedition of the brave General CUSTER was in direct violation of the treaty.

The Commission emphasize one significant fact, the observation of which, when he was a young officer upon the frontier, led General GRANT to his wise Indian policy. It is that the English government in Canada has spent no money in Indian wars since the American Revolution, has lost no lives by massacre, has had no desolated settlements, and its Indians have been always loyal. The reason is very simple. The government has kept faith. It has given the Indians the protection of law, has fostered missions, and has placed over them agents who hold office during good behavior. In a word, as General GRANT has said, it has treated the Indians as if they had rights which white men are bound to respect. It has not regarded them as vermin to be exterminated, and it has not contemptuously broken its own pledged faith. Our system of treaties with the Indian tribes is foolish, but understandings and arrangements with them are indispensable, and require sagacious, experienced, honest, and well-paid agents. The Commission recommend an independent department of Indian affairs, and assert that if by the independence of such a department the fearful cost of one Indian war could be saved, it would be the wisest economy. The Commission have made an arrangement with Sioux chiefs at the agencies, which they trust will be faithfully carried out by the government; but they look to Congress for general redress of Indian grievances, persuaded that without instant and appropriate legislation for the protection and government of the Indians, they must perish.

THE ONE VOTE.

THERE is great curiosity about the law of Oregon regulating elections, and we subjoin the important parts of it:

> "*Title III., chapter* 14, *section* 37.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary of State, in the presence of the Governor, to proceed, within thirty days after the election, and sooner if the returns be all received, to canvass the votes given for Secretary and Treasurer of State, State Printer, justices of the Supreme Court, *member of Congress*, and district attorneys; and the Governor *shall grant a certificate of election to the person having the highest number of votes*, and shall also issue a proclamation declaring the election of such person."
>
> "*Title IX., chapter* 14, *section* 59.—The electors of President and Vice-President shall convene at the seat of government at the first Wednesday of December next after their election, at the hour of twelve of the clock at noon of that day; and if there shall be any vacancy in the office of an elector, occasioned by death, refusal to act, neglect to attend, or otherwise, the electors present shall immediately proceed to fill, by *viva voce* and plurality of votes, such vacancy in the Electoral College. And when all the electors shall appear, and the vacancies, if any, shall have been filled as above provided, such electors shall proceed to perform the duties required of them by the Constitution and laws of the United States.
>
> "*Section* 60.—The votes for the electors shall be given, received, returned, and canvassed as the same are given, returned, and canvassed for members of Congress. The Secretary of State shall prepare two lists of the names of the electors elected, and affix the seal of the State to the same. Such lists shall be signed by the Governor and Secretary, and by the latter delivered to the College of Electors, at the hour of their meeting, on the first Wednesday of December."

The votes for electors are to be treated like those for members of Congress. The

Secretary of State is the Canvassing Board, acting in the presence of the Governor. The Governor's duty is to grant a certificate of election to the person having the highest number of votes as reported to him by the Secretary from the returns. The Governor has no discretion to refuse to sign. In giving a certificate to Cronin, therefore, Governor Grover acted without the pretense of any warrant in law. There is no question that the three Republican electors had received the highest number of votes, that the Secretary of State found by the returns that such was the fact, and that the Governor was legally bound to certify it. If he knew that one candidate was ineligible, the remedy was not in his hands; and if no remedy were provided by the law, that did not justify him in usurping power to rectify the omissions of the Legislature. His certificate is mere waste paper, and he probably would not have signed it except for the importunity of Tilden's agents. His certificate, indeed, was a malfeasance for which he should have been impeached. Doubtless the virtuous Grover, like the virtuous Pickett, was so honestly devoted to Reform that, with Pickett, he "felt perfectly justified in doing all in my power (lest I might regret it ever hereafter) to attain that great end" (the counting in of Tilden), and, encouraged by the virtuous Corse, also devoted to Reform, decided "that if the country was going into civil war, we might as well let it come and be done with it."

There is no doubt, however, that, under the Constitution of the United States, Watts was on the day of election ineligible as an elector. The law of Oregon provides that if there be a vacancy in the office of an elector from any cause, the Electoral College may fill it. There was a vacancy when the College met, for Watts had previously resigned. The allegation that there was no vacancy, because, being ineligible, the votes for him were void, and he was therefore not elected, is a super-refinement. When the Electoral College met, there were present but two of the persons who without question had received, upon the uncontested returns, the highest number of votes. These two proceeded to elect Watts. If he was not at that time disqualified by the Constitution, he was eligible. But this is now the real point of the Oregon inquiry. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently held that resignation of an office terminable upon the qualification of a successor does not relieve the incumbent from responsibility until that successor is qualified. It is asserted that Watts's successor did not qualify until after the 6th of December. If this be so, Watts was ineligible on that day. It may be, however, even if this fact be established, that the Electoral Commission, regarding equity rather than technicality, considering that the people of Oregon voted for him in good faith and in ignorance of his disqualification, and that his undisputed election shows what the will of the people was, may decide that his vote, as expressing that will, shall be received. Should the case be presented in this way, and the vote be refused, it would probably be upon the ground that, whatever be the will of the people of Oregon, it must be lawfully expressed, and that in the absence of such expression, the Presidency must not be determined by a vote which the Constitution prohibits.

PARING CHEESES AND SHAVING CENTS.

The other day, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Holman proposed to reduce the salary of members by some five hundred dollars each. A fellow-Democrat twitted him with his tuppenny economy, and Mr. Holman angrily replied that it appeared, then, that retrenchment and reform were merely a campaign cry of the Democracy. If he has held any other opinion, he has been the only man in the country under that particular delusion. A party which, at the end of a campaign, elects to the Speakership of the House a man noted as a salary grabber, a protectionist, a quasi-inflationist, and the friend of suspicious railroad grants, very wisely drops all pretense of reform; and it is rather amusing to see Mr. Holman, who, as his Democratic colleague reminded him, has been retired, innocently supposing that Fernando Wood, David Dudley Field, Samuel J. Randall, and other leaders of his party were reformers. We are obliged to agree, however, with Mr. Holman's critic, that cutting down the salary of a Representative by five hundred dollars is a tuppenny economy, and tuppenny economy is gross extravagance.

There has been a tuppenny discussion of the same kind in the Legislature of New York. It was proposed to pay the new Superintendent of State-prisons ten thousand dollars a year, and the proposition was modified by amendments to pay him five or six thousand, and to allow him a thousand for travelling expenses, and a thousand for clerk hire, and so forth. And while the bill was delayed by a debate whether to save a thousand or two dollars in the salary, the continuing abuses in the prisons were costing the State scores of thousands. Such attempted economies are wholly mistaken. There are a great many men in the State of New York who would undertake the duties of Superintendent of Prisons for two thousand dollars a year, or for a great deal less money. And there would be no dearth of candidates for membership of the House of Representatives even if the salary were reduced by three times the amount suggested by Mr. Holman. There are, in fact, two points of view from which a Legislature or the public may regard the public service. One is cheapness, the other is efficiency. Tuppenny economy asks, Who will do this work most cheaply? Public wisdom asks, Who will do it best? And the tuppenny economy is the most wasteful and expensive course.

The recent report of the State-prison Commission shows the extent and kind of the work to be done by the new Superintendent. It is a picture of the mischievous results of the management of the prisons upon a totally false principle. To correct the abuses disclosed by the Commissioners, and to establish in this State a judicious, efficient, and truly economical system which will be in accord with the enlightenment of the age upon the subject, is one of the greatest duties to which an intelligent, experienced, able, and devoted man could be summoned. To issue an invitation for proposals to undertake such a service upon the cheapest terms would be to announce that the object was not seriously desired. Its attainment demands qualities which in any equally important department of private enterprise would command the most liberal compensation; and there is no reason why the State should not pay as liberally. Cheap and nasty is as mean a motto for the public as it is for private service. We say that there are a great many men who would accept the office of Prison Superintendent, for instance, for a pittance. But the taxpayer would find that it was not economy. The art of economy embraces the knowledge when and where to spend, quite as much as how to save. A stitch in time, according to Poor Richard's philosophy, saves nine; and the man who would not spend a penny for a needle and thread lost a guinea through the hole in his pocket.

It is not the payment of good salaries for the public service which is to be grudged, but a system which does not provide proper servants. The tuppenny statesman tries to propitiate the ignorant by his economy and retrenchment, peeling a salary here and paring it there, and showing to his constituents that whereas last year eight hundred dollars were paid to a clerk, this year only seven hundred are paid to him. The astute statesman has put a premium upon stealing, and by just so much has degraded the office and lowered the character of applicants. A great and true economy would be the establishment of a system which should take the best among the candidates, pay them well, and appeal to their self-respect by making honest efficiency the tenure of their positions. The Indian missionary to his red brethren had a very scant salary, and the quality of his discourses was not praised. "Ugh!" said he, sententiously, "poor pay, poor preach."

PERSONAL.

Judge Davis, U. S. Senator elect from Illinois, is a graduate of Kenyon College, Ohio—*not* of Dartmouth.

—Senator-elect Hill, of Georgia, is said to have a partnership in the cotton-planting business. He owns the land and divides the profits with about one hundred negroes, who do the work.

—It was Mr. Emerson, we believe, who made the remark that "old age is not disgraceful, but is immensely disadvantageous."

—The Khedive of Egypt is getting some practical ideas into his head. He has induced Lord Northbrook's nephew and private secretary, Major Evelyn Baring, to take a post in his service, with a salary of $15,000 a year, and has persuaded the Bank of England to pay the coupons of his new unified bonds. With a Baring and the Bank of England to back him, the Khedive assumes the proportions of a respectable character.

—In the Assembly at Albany are two members who are said to have developed considerable gifts of oratory. One is Mr. Peck, of Oswego, a quiet, farmer-looking man, with grayish beard, who made a gem of a speech nominating Mr. Sloan for Speaker. It is said to have been a consummate work of oratorical art. The other rising man is Mr. J. G. Graham, of Orange County, who delivered a eulogy on the late Mr. Durland (a deceased member), with a grace and dignity that have rarely been heard in the House, such occasions usually bringing forth nothing but stilted rhetoric and fulsome "hifalutin."

—The death of Lord Neaves takes away from Edinburgh one of its most notable talkers and capital story-tellers—indeed, one of the best in Great Britain. He was the youngest of a circle of wits whose chief was Dean Ramsay, and had been transmitted to be the chief of a younger clan of humorists, albeit he had a close competitor in Dr. Hodgson, who was regarded as the best dinner-table talker and wit in London, until he was made professor at Edinburgh. One of his jokes was an epitaph he professed to have discovered on the grave of a tippler and excessive smoker, "*Baccho et Tobacco nimium indulgebat.*" Lord Neaves was a warm admirer of Mr. Emerson, and when the latter visited Scotland, when last abroad, he had an experience which would be memorable in any man's life; that is, he witnessed and enjoyed to the utmost an after-dinner tourney of jokes, anecdotes, and *bonmots* between Lord Neaves and Professor Hodgson, lasting into the small hours, such as could not have been surpassed by the selectest of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

—Mr. Max Outrey, the new French minister to the United States, is not new to Washington, having been secretary of legation under M. Montholon, who was half an American, having married Miss Victoria Gratiot, of St. Louis, a granddaughter of Pierre Chouteau, one of the historical men of Missouri, the great Indian and fur trader of the West. He and his brother Auguste founded the city of St. Louis in 1764. Mr. Outrey married Miss Helen Russell, an accomplished and witty young lady of this city, related to the C. H. Marshall and De Lancey Kane families. Mr. Outrey was lately French minister to Japan, where one of his children was born. Mrs. O. there turned her attention to the study of the Japanese language, being a fine linguist, and speaking fluently most of the modern languages.

—The wife of Mr. Morton, the distinguished Senator from Indiana, accompanies her husband to Washington. She is an agreeable, pleasant lady, thoroughly interested in every thing that relates to the country, as much a thinker on political matters as the wives of the Southern Congressmen, who invariably read all the papers, for they say otherwise they would have nothing to talk with their husbands about, and that is reason enough to make any wife study politics.

—A Washington man sums up in brief language the personal peculiarities of some of the members of the House of Representatives from this State. S. S. Cox, he says, is, of course, a speaker of fine address and keen to make points. Mr. Wood still gives the best entertainments of any of the delegation. Whitehouse, of Poughkeepsie, is an old merchant and banker, who never held office before, and is utterly unharnessable. William A. Wheeler is concededly one of the ablest men in the delegation, conservative, and a student. Scott Lord is a peculiar man, a fine lawyer, and more of a judge than a politician, although an obstinate Democrat. He is a townsman of Senator Conkling, and persists in doing odd things to push the Democracy onward beyond their sullen propensities. The handsome Scotch-born member from Auburn, Clinton Dugald MacDougall, is only thirty-seven years old, and has declined the appointment of Treasurer of the United States, Patent Commissioner, and Commissioner of the Internal Revenue, all within a few months. He was a fine soldier, and has held all the best positions in his own city. Mr. Davy, of Rochester, is one of MacDougall's intimate friends, both ardent friends of Conkling. Bass, of Buffalo, is an accomplished man. Charles H. Adams, of Cohoes, is a wealthy man, tired of Congress.

—Hon. J. Wiley Edmunds, for many years a prominent man in Massachusetts, died a few days since at his home in Newton, in that State. He had given $30,000 for the establishment of the Free Library in that town, and for five years past had given $1000 a year for the purchase of books.

—They tell this of Secretary Fish's liberality: During the campaign the tax-gatherers employed by the National Committee, after making their collections in other departments, descended upon the State Department and sought to levy contributions there in their accustomed way. They were met at the threshold by the authority of the Secretary of State, who demanded to know what they were about. They told him what they wanted to do. Mr. Fish replied that this could not be done in his department. He asked the agent how much they had expected to collect in his department. The agent replied that two per cent. of the salaries of the clerks in the department would amount to about $5000, and that was the sum he wanted. Mr. Fish thereupon drew a check for $5000, upon his own private bank account, to the order of the National Committee, and sent the agent away without fleecing his clerks. This is one of the reasons why a position in the State Department is preferable to a position any where else under the government. The clerks in that department have never been assessed.

—Mr. William W. Corcoran, of Washington, whose munificence is of the great kind, is seventy-eight years old. He is the son of an Irishman, and, after failing as a merchant, became a banker in 1840, and laid the foundation of his fortune when he was the financial agent of the government during the Mexican war.

—We hear that the Duke of Richmond, President of the Privy Council, has written to Mr. George W. Childs a very complimentary letter, in which he says that her Majesty's government have expressed their highest approval of the administration of the British section of the Centennial Exhibition, toward the success of which Mr. Childs very largely contributed.

—Mr. Walter became convinced during his recent visit to the United States that a weekly edition of the London *Times* would be most acceptable to the English masses, and on the 5th of January put the plan into practical operation. It was an immediate and great success. The new issue is of quarto form, embracing twenty-four pages, four columns to the page, well printed, giving the chief telegrams, correspondence, editorials, etc., of the *Times* of the preceding week—in short, the cream of the six daily issues—and all for 2*d*.

—The Barings do their charities, like their financial operations, on a grand scale. One of the younger members of the house, a son of the present Bishop of Durham, has just given $5000 to the new St. Albans bishopric, having previously given $500,000 to found scholarships in Hertford College, Oxford. Mr. Baring was formerly for a brief period a banker in this city.

—General Butler and Judge Hoar met a few days ago, as opposing counsel in an action for damages for loss of life, brought before the Massachusetts Supreme Court. General B. cited from Job, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," when Judge Hoar remarked that that was a plea of the devil in a motion for a new trial, and he didn't think that the Court would be more impressed by it because of its modern indorsement.

—One of those bright Washington correspondents who are always on the look-out for a "personal" heard Mr. Watterson while making his recent speech in the House of Representatives, and says of him: "Henry Watterson stood out and declaimed a carefully prepared speech in a distinct and easily heard voice, a little modulated. He is a rather boyish-faced blonde with a goatee and light mustache, square brows, under which the eyes are scarcely seen, and, indeed, only one eye is of use. He is short and thickset, and plainly dressed, with a sort of olive-colored coat, buttoned up, a shirt bosom darkened by a scarf, and gray trowsers. He puts one hand behind his back, or curls it up, as if lame, against his side, and now and then throws out both hands rapidly and drops them again, and flings forth the right hand. His style and pronunciation are somewhat offish, as if the affectations of current authors crept into it; but there is good, clear, composite editorial mind underneath, and much felicity of making points. He is seen, as we study him, to be short-armed. He rocks his body as he speaks. He was well listened to, and it would be very hard for any newspaper office out of France to produce an easier and more effective speaker."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: In the Senate, on the 3d, the credentials of Hon. Henry G. Davis and Hon. Alvin Saunders, Senators elect from West Virginia and Nebraska respectively, were presented. The House passed the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill. An attempt to fix the President's salary at $50,000 was defeated. A message from President Grant, recommending the early resumption of specie payments, was received by the House and referred. The President recommends the immediate passage of a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue four per cent. bonds with forty years to run before maturity, which bonds are to be exchanged for legal-tender notes whenever presented in sums of fifty dollars or any multiple thereof. The amount of the proposed issue of these bonds is restricted to $150,000,000, and it is recommended that they be made available for deposit in the United States Treasury by national banks in the same way as bonds bearing a higher rate of interest.—On the 5th, the credentials of Senator Kirkwood, of Iowa, were presented. In the House, a bill was introduced for the organization of the Territory of Pembina.—On the 6th, the Indian Appropriation Bill was reported in the Senate, with amendments. The bill to abolish the District of Columbia Police Board failed to receive the necessary two-thirds vote in the Senate to pass it over the President's veto.—The Naval Appropriation Bill, appropriating $12,494,752, was reported in the House on the 7th. The Senate insisted on its amendments to the Military Academy appropriations, and ordered a conference committee.—On the 8th, the credentials of Senator A. H. Garland, of Arkansas, were presented. The House bill appropriating $500,000 to pay Captain Eads for the construction of the Mississippi jetties was indefinitely postponed by the Senate. The Post-office Appropriation Bill, with amendments, was passed by the Senate. In the House, Mr. Hale read communications from ex-Governor Wells and Mr. Anderson, of the Louisiana Returning Board, complaining that they were confined in a damp, dark dungeon in the cellar of the Capitol; that on the day before they had been transferred by the Speaker to better quarters, but were re-imprisoned in their dungeon by the Sergeant-at-arms; and that one of them, a man over seventy years of age, was ill from the effects of the imprisonment. Mr. Hale offered a resolution directing the Sergeant-at-arms to remove the prisoners to a better room, on which he moved the previous question. The Democrats voted against it, and the previous question was not ordered. A resolution instructing the special committee on Louisiana to inquire into the matter and report at once to the House was adopted.—The Senate, on the 9th, insisted on its amendments to the Fortifications Appropriation Bill. The House passed the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, without the amendment appropriating $500,000 to pay claims against the Interior Department. Representatives Morrison and Townsend presented majority and minority reports on the election in Louisiana.

The Electoral Commission, on the 3d, heard arguments by Messrs. O'Conor, Black, and Merrick for the Democrats, and Matthews and Stoughton for the Republicans, and, on the 5th, by Mr. Evarts for the Republicans, and Mr. O'Conor for the Democrats, on the question of admitting evidence in the Florida case. The Commission was in secret session all day of the 6th and until the afternoon of the 7th, when a decision was reached. The first vote was taken on the following order, proposed by Senator Edmunds, and modified by Justice Miller to meet the views of Justice Bradley, the roll being called in alphabetical order: "*Ordered*, That no evidence will be received by the Commission which was not submitted to the Joint Convention of the two Houses by the President of the Senate, with the different certificates, except such as relates to the ineligibility of F. C. Humphreys, one of the electors." The vote was as follows: Yeas—Justices Bradley, Miller, and Strong; Senators Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, and Morton; Representatives Garfield and Hoar—8. Nays—Justices Clifford and Field; Senators Thurman and Bayard; Representatives Abbott, Hunton, and Payne—7. Mr. Abbott submitted a resolution to the effect that in the case of Florida the Commission would receive the evidence relating to the eligibility of Frederick C. Humphreys, a Hayes and Wheeler elector. This was adopted by the following vote: Yeas—Justices Bradley, Clifford, and Field; Senators Bayard and Thurman; and Representatives Abbott, Hunton, and Payne—8. Nays—Justices Miller and Strong; Senators Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, and Morton; and Representatives Garfield and Hoar—7. On the 8th Mr. Humphreys and others were examined before the Commission, and arguments were made by Messrs. Merrick and Green for the Democrats, and Messrs. Shellabarger and Evarts for the Republicans. On the 9th the Commission, by a vote of 8 to 7, resolved to report Florida as for Hayes and Wheeler. Judge Bradley voted with the Republicans.

The missing steam-ship *George Washington* has undoubtedly foundered at sea, off Cape Race. A quantity of provisions, bedding, etc., marked with the steamer's name, was picked up on the shore on the 5th, and a number of bodies were also washed up. It is feared that all on board—probably twenty-five persons—were lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important item of news from Constantinople this week is the dismissal of Midhat Pasha from the office of Grand Vizier, and the appointment of Edhem Pasha as his successor. Various causes are assigned for the change, but it is believed that the dismissal was owing to Midhat Pasha's being concerned in a conspiracy to dethrone the Sultan. Prince Gortchakoff, in a circular note to the Russian representatives at the courts of the other guaranteeing powers, states that diplomacy has failed to settle the Eastern question, which has become more perplexing on account of the war in Servia and the general agitation which has sprung up.

The British Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on the 8th. Her Majesty in her speech treated of the Eastern question in guarded terms, and expressed the hope that the armistice may yet lead to the conclusion of an honorable peace.

ST. VALENTINE.

Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  Thou saint of mystic story,
Who followed in monastic line
  With head snow-crowned and hoary!
The records say thy prayers were long,
  Thy penance deep and fasting,
Thy days were spent in holy song,
  Thy nights in lonely fasting.

Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  None doubt thine ancient glory.
But hark! the ages in their line
  Proclaim a different story.
No gaunt and solemn monk art thou:
  The world in thee discovers
A genial sage of sunny brow,
  The patron saint of lovers.

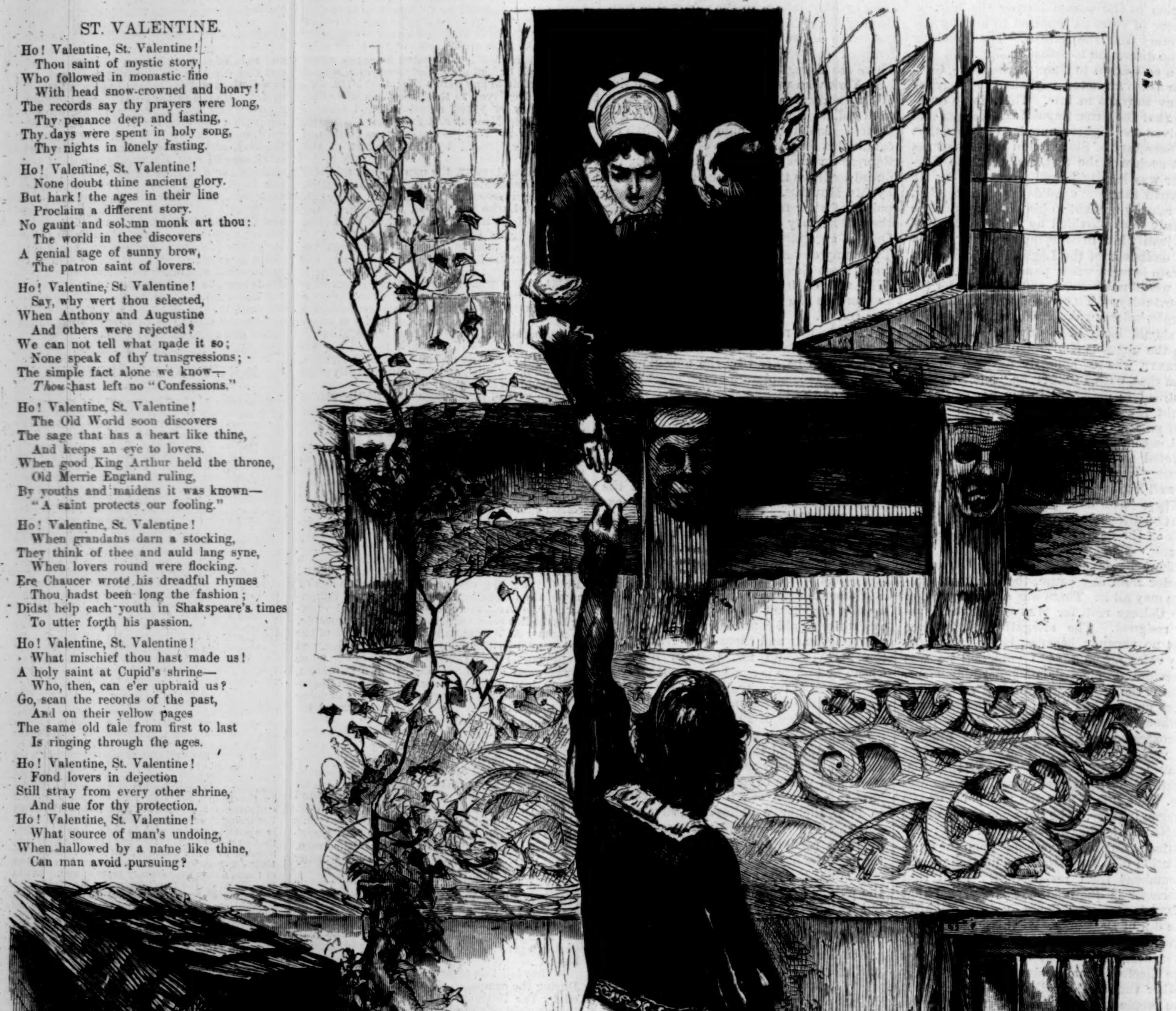
Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  Say, why wert thou selected,
When Anthony and Augustine
  And others were rejected?
We can not tell what made it so;
  None speak of thy transgressions;
The simple fact alone we know—
  Thou hast left no "Confessions."

Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  The Old World soon discovers
The sage that has a heart like thine,
  And keeps an eye to lovers.
When good King Arthur held the throne,
  Old Merrie England ruling,
By youths and maidens it was known—
  "A saint protects our fooling."

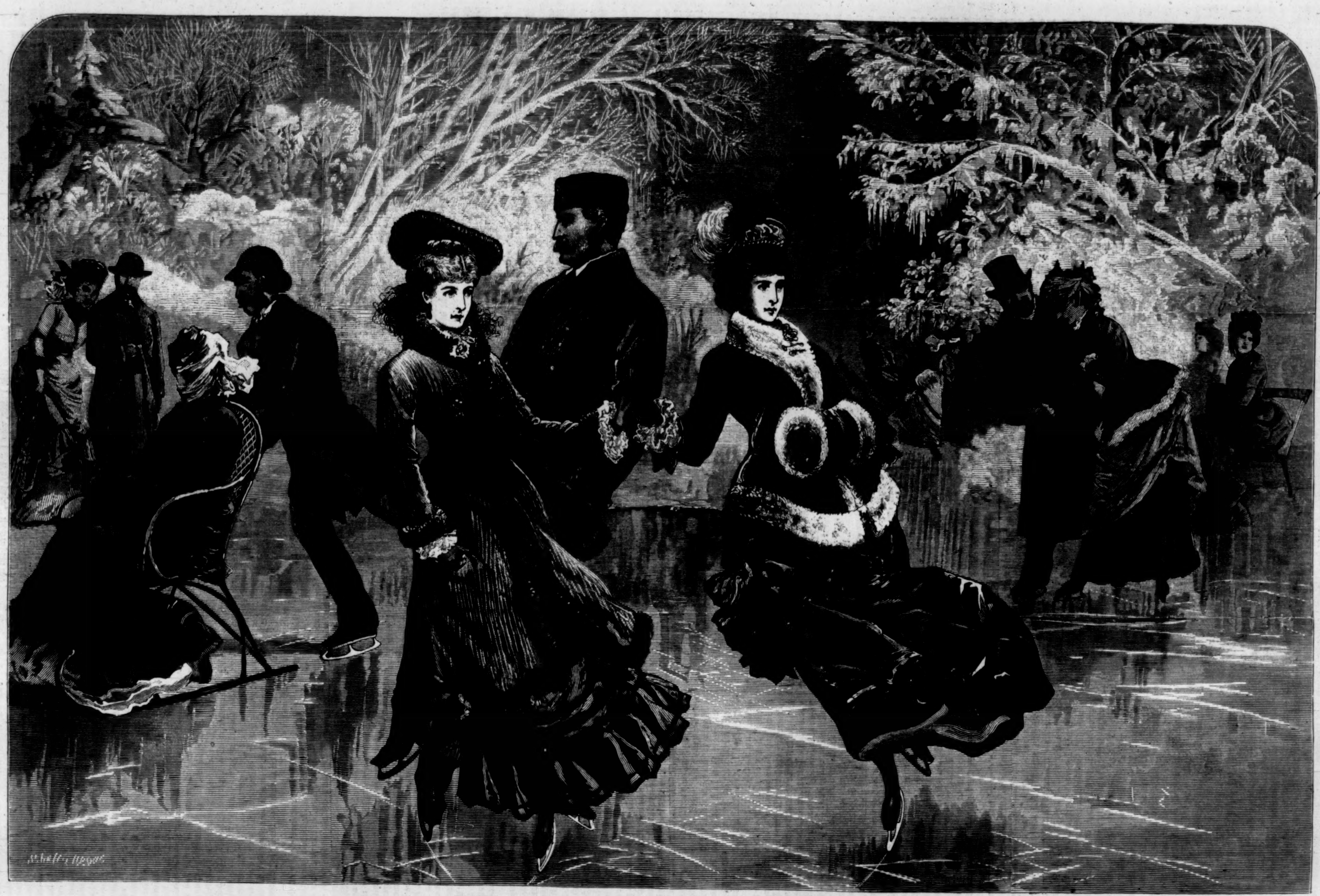
Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  When grandams darn a stocking,
They think of thee and auld lang syne,
  When lovers round were flocking.
Ere Chaucer wrote his dreadful rhymes
  Thou hadst been long the fashion;
Didst help each youth in Shakspeare's times
  To utter forth his passion.

Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  What mischief thou hast made us!
A holy saint at Cupid's shrine—
  Who, then, can e'er upbraid us?
Go, scan the records of the past,
  And on their yellow pages
The same old tale from first to last
  Is ringing through the ages.

Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  Fond lovers in dejection
Still stray from every other shrine,
  And sue for thy protection.
Ho! Valentine, St. Valentine!
  What source of man's undoing,
When hallowed by a name like thine,
  Can man avoid pursuing?



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY HOWARD PYLE.]



SKATING IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 154.]

EVEN ME!

I.

If a great, sudden light should shine
Into some shadow-haunted place,
Where never light did shine before,
And, startled by the guest divine,
A lone, uncomprehending face
Half blindly should uplift itself—
Tear-channeled cheeks and dazed eyes,
And pale mouth dumb with scared surprise,
And long, dank, lustreless brown hair
Just stirred by the inrushing air—
I say, if all this spoiled grace
Should make a wonder in such place
Upon some far, forgotten shore,
And you should see it all, and make
A picture of it for my sake,
My soul would claim its outward sign,
For the similitude is mine!

II.

Is mine? Nay, was mine! My soul's eyes
Soon bore to look upon the light—
The blessed light that was your face!
My being well could recognize,
Without the coarser hints of sight,
The dear right hand that lifted me
And set me surely on my feet,
Then staid to hold me—that was sweet!
I thought the light, the prop, would go,
And leave me as they found me; so
When, even as perfect sunrise grows
Until it bursts its veil of rose,
My new-found heaven but grew in grace,
Nor tauntingly did melt away
And leave the place all cold and gray,
Then I, half wondering at your kiss,
Said, "Is it true, God gives me this?"

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine is emphatically the patron saint of lovers, and as such has received the oblations of centuries, though why he should have been thus honored is a matter involved in no small obscurity; for little or nothing remains to us of his history save the simple facts that he was a priest of Rome, and suffered martyrdom in that city about 270. To Mr. Douce, however, the learned English antiquarian, we are indebted for the following plausible theory, which explains the connection between the good saint and the curious observances that are hallowed by his name. In his work entitled *Illustrations of Shakspeare* he tells us: "It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstition, and chiefly by commutations of their forms, substituted in the present instance the names of particular saints instead of those of women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast because it occurred nearly at the same time." This is also in part the opinion of the Rev. Alban Butler, the compiler of the *Lives of the Saints*.

It would seem, however, that it was almost impossible to extirpate any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed, for the Romans still held to their ancient practice, which in time spread through France and Great Britain, losing nothing in its transmission through different ages and countries. Misson, a learned traveller of the early part of the last century, describes the custom, as he observed it in England and Scotland, in nearly the same terms as those of Douce in speaking of the Romans: "On the eve of St. Valentine's Day the young folks celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids' taking the men's billets, and the men the maids', so that each of the young men lights upon a girl which he calls his 'valentine,' and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he has fallen." These imaginary engagements, as may readily be supposed, often led to real ones, because one necessary consequence of them was that for a whole year a bachelor remained bound to the service of his valentine, somewhat after the fashion of a mediæval knight to his lady-love. At one period it was also customary for both sexes to make each other presents, but after a time the custom seems to have been restricted to the young men.

During the fifteenth century this amusement was very popular among the upper classes and at many European courts. It appears that married as well as single persons were liable to be chosen as valentines, and that a present was invariably given to the choosing party. In that curious record of domestic life in England during the reign of Charles II., Pepys's *Diary*, we find some notable illustrations of this old custom. Under the date, Valentine's Day, 1667, Mr. Pepys says: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days after, he adds: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more which I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I forget, but my wife's was, 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used as an anagram upon each name, may be very pretty."

Noticing soon afterward the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became the Duchess of Richmond, Pepys says: "The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300." In February, 1668, continuing his domestic record, he writes: "This evening my wife did with much pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my valentine's gift this year—a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind and another; and I am glad of it, for it is fit that the wretch should have something to content herself with." Judging from the amicable relations which, according to the records, always existed between Pepys and his wife, we are forced to conclude that in this instance "wretch" is used as a term of endearment.

In England at one period, but more particularly in London, the lad's valentine was the first lass he saw in the morning who was not an inmate of the same house. Gay mentions this usage on St. Valentine's Day; he makes a rustic housewife remind her good man:

"I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our *true love* be."

So also in the "Connoisseur," a series of essays published in 1754–56, there is a mention of the same usage, preceded by certain mysterious ceremonies the night before. "Last Friday," says a certain lively miss, "was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay and put them in water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world." It is not too much to say that in this instance the young lady certainly deserved her valentine.

St. Valentine's Day is alluded to by Shakspeare, Chaucer, and also Lydgate, the monk of Bury, who died in 1460. The latter is described by Warton to have been "not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general." The following stanza from his poem in praise of Queen Catherine, consort to Henry V., will give an idea of the remarkable English in which this poet and others of his time were wont to express themselves:

"Seynte *Valentine*. Of custome yeere by yeere
Men have an usaunce, in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affeccioun;
Such as ben *move* with Cupides mocioun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle:
But I love oon whiche excellith alle."

One of the earliest known writers of valentines or poetical amorous addresses for the day was Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt. But since his time it is hardly overstating the case to say that there is hardly a youth of either sex within the range of Christendom who, having learned to wield a pen, has not tried his or her hand at a poetic valentine. Numerous as are the poems that have been inspired by the tender passion, probably one-half of them have been composed in honor of this day. One of the earliest, which may have served as a pattern for the myriads that have come after it, comes from the pen of Drayton, a poet of considerable talent, but comparatively unknown to fame, who wrote in Shakspeare's time. One or two stanzas will show how little the world has altered in the way of making love even during the lapse of three hundred years:

"Muse, bid the morn awake:
Sad winter now declines;
Each bird doth choose a mate—
This day's Saint Valentine's.
For that good bishop's sake,
Get up, and let us see
What beauty it shall be
That fortune us assigns.

* * * * * *

"My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
As polished ivory sleek;
And in her ear I'll say,
'O thou bright morning star!
'Tis I that come so far
My valentine to seek.'

"Each little bird this tide
Doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were."

So great was the valentine *furor* at one period that in the city of London it was estimated that over two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual daily average annually passed through the twopenny post-office in London on Valentine's Day. Apropos of this extra burden upon the mails, the following conversation is said to have taken place between an old gentleman and his daughter in that city: "Two hundred thousand twopences," began the former, "are four hundred thousand pence"—and he was going to cast up the amount. "Why, papa," interrupted the young lady, "that's just the number of young folks who must be in love with each other—that's the way to reckon."

At the present time, however, St. Valentine's Day is a sadly degenerated festival. Lovers have ceased to find the written valentine a delightful medium for the interchange of tender sentiments, and the abuse known as the "comic valentine" has aided to throw the old custom into disrepute. Any thing in the shape of social celebration has long since fallen into desuetude, and if it were not for the monstrous caricatures that appear annually in the shop windows announcing the return of the day, it is possible the older portion of the community might forget its existence. Our little folks, however, cling to the day with a charming persistence, and much juvenile sweethearting is still done under color of the valentine. For the benefit, therefore, of our younger readers we quote the following passage from an English periodical:

"Modern valentines, aside from the valuable presents contained in them, are very pretty things, and they are growing prettier every year, since large business houses spare neither skill nor money in getting them up. The most interesting thing about them to 'grown-ups' is the way they are made; and perhaps even you youngsters who watch eagerly for the postman, 'sinking beneath the load of embarrassments not his own,' would like to know how satin and lace and flowers and other dainty things grow into a valentine. It is no fairy's handiwork. It went through the hands of grimy-looking workmen and dowdy-looking girls; it made familiar acquaintance with sand-paper and glue-pots, and steel stamps and inky presses and paint-brushes, and all sorts of unpleasant things, before it reached your hands. To be sure, a dreamy artist may have designed it, but a lithographer with inky fingers printed the picture on it; a die-cutter with sleeves rolled up made a pattern in steel of the lace-work on the edge; and a dingy-looking pressman with a paper hat on stamped the pattern around the picture. Another hard-handed workman rubbed the back of the stamped lace with sand-paper till it came in holes and looked like lace, and not merely like stamped paper, and a row of girls at a common long table—talking about their own narrow lives, the hard times, and so forth—put on the colors with stencils, gummed on the hearts and darts and Cupids and flowers and mirrors and doors and curtains, and stuck in the sachet powder, and tied up the bows, and sewed on the fringes, and tucked in the handkerchief or other gift, and otherwise finished the thing exactly like the pattern before them. You see, the sentiment about a valentine doesn't begin yet. To all these workmen it is merely their daily work, and to them means only bread and butter and a home. It is not until Tom, Dick, or Harry takes it from the stationer and writes your name on it that it acquires, in some mysterious way, the sentiment that makes it such a nice thing to get. The hideous abomination called a 'comic valentine,' which is merely a cruel or a low-minded insult to the receiver, is beneath the notice of any gentleman, whether he be five or fifty years old, and I am sure no boy cares to know just how it is made."

THE MEDITERRANEAN MOSQUITO.

Clarence Sydney Montgomery was a handsome young man when he reached the town of Cannes in the twilight of a warm November evening. His face was indeed his fortune, and a more beautiful one America seldom sends abroad to demonstrate the comeliness of her race.

In addition to the physical perfections with which nature had endowed him, Clarence Sydney Montgomery possessed a warm heart and sweet disposition. Nor were his accomplishments by any means inconsiderable, for he could sketch a very pretty valentine, with equally charming original verses attached, sing a song of the balcony serenade order in a fine mellow voice, while he had acquired a well-merited reputation in select circles of the city where he lived as the most accomplished dancer of the "Boston" within its limits. He invariably led the "German" of the season, and the other young men were all his faithful satellites. Fed upon this delicate and most seductive food of flattery, the soul of Clarence Sydney rebelled against captivity in a dingy office, where circumstances nailed him to a desk for eight hours of the day. Fain would he have worn the smoking-cap or dressing-gown of idleness at the hour of noon, or lounged away the afternoon at the club, after the manner of certain millionaires of his acquaintance. It was impossible, in the existing state of affairs, that he should not know his own value. Popularity was thrust upon him in the street, at the theatre, and in the ball-room, where a bevy of pretty girls in blue and pink silk usually surrounded him, and frequently drove him home in papa's carriage. The purse of Clarence Sydney was nevertheless a remarkably light one, and he found a degree of most humiliating difficulty in keeping himself attired with such elegance as the graces of his person imperatively demanded, and be always gloved to suit the most fastidious taste as well. Heiresses certainly smiled on him, and his friends assured him, over a midnight cigar, that sooner or later he would be obliged to make his market, after the manner of beauties in both sexes.

The heart of Clarence Sydney scorned these base suggestions, however, because he had already fallen in love. The object of his devotion had not hung on the branch a ripened fruit awaiting his hand, like all the other girls, and before he was fully aware of his own mind, had been snatched away from his sight altogether; hence the zest of pursuit and painful uncertainty such as the young Adonis had not previously known.

The charmer had not flirted with him in a ball-room or at the sea-shore; he had never danced with her in his life. To be sure, she was the only child of a very wealthy merchant, but as she was barely seventeen, and not "out," even in the American sense of the word, only the most fortunate chance could have brought her in contact with Clarence Sydney. He had met his fate on the platform of a drawing-room car between New York and Philadelphia, where she had lost her Skye terrier, and the young man, in rescuing the little beast from the wheels, had been moved by Emily's sweet gratitude to seat himself in a convenient corner of the saloon during the remainder of the journey, and admire her over a rim of newspaper. The telegraph along the route sent no more rapid signals than did the eyes of Clarence Sydney over the newspaper margin. Before the termination of the journey he had slipped his card into Emily's hand, with his address inscribed thereon, and she had promised to write him a note. That guileless old gentleman, the young lady's papa, had alighted from the train entirely unconscious of a Clarence Sydney's existence. After that there were stolen interviews, ruthlessly terminated by the departure of Emily for Europe to complete her education. Despair seized the lover left behind, although he had made a favorable impression on mamma, or fondly hoped that he had done so.

Cannes is one of the most lovely spots of the lovely Riviera. Our traveller beheld it in that interval of balmy twilight when the rose tints of sunset have faded, but a certain tender bloom of the day still lingers. Clarence Sydney, having deposited his portmanteau at one of the leading hotels of the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, and partaken of dinner, strolled forth to enjoy the evening. A sympathetic waiter, who evidently divined the situation from the young stranger's agitation of manner and indifference to the meal served him, gave explicit directions as to the location of the villa occupied by Emily and her family. The young lady's papa, in order to be as English as possible, and achieve the most expensive end permitted a foreigner, had rented a house at Cannes for the winter. The moon was rising, shedding her silvery radiance over the Esterel Mountains, and the wide Mediterranean which broke on the shore with the gentle undulations of calm weather.

Clarence Sydney passed along the beautiful promenade where the palm-trees grew in clusters, crossed the little square with the adjacent streets of shops lighted, and ascended the hill beyond, himself a prey to contending emotions. How would he be received? Had Emily already forgotten him? Did he dare to call in the evening? He advanced to the gate of the fortress, which he had not sufficient courage to storm, after all. Like a thief in the night, he peered through the bars wistfully. Within was a garden in shadow, and the villa gleaming white in the moonlight—a paradise of flowers and aromatic scented shrubbery, where a fountain played with rippling music. Alas! Emily's father was known to be a very stiff old gentleman, not likely to favor the suit of Clarence Sydney, and only too liable to ask unpleasant questions as to the extent of a young man's income who meditated matrimony. Still the mother was more than half won over already, amidst tearful confidences on the part of the daughter; and backed by this feminine reserve, he must needs learn his fate.

Oh, if Emily should happen to ramble in pensive solitude down the avenue, her white garments shimmering amidst the fragrant foliage! All nature was favorable to such a meeting. The night was so beautiful and mild; the palms overhung the road in feathery clusters, their shadows sharply defined on the ground by the luminous moon; unseen waters murmured in the thickets of gardens, and the air was heavy with the perfume of countless flowers. Instead, Emily was reading aloud an American periodical to her father, in a dry, monotonous tone of voice, never dreaming of the propinquity of her lover. Life is full of contrasts. Here was Clarence Sydney, leader of the *ton* in his own city, and pet of society, gazing through the bars of a gate in a foreign land, which he did not dare to enter, whither he had followed Emily. Stiff old fathers will be obliged to answer for much pains and unhappiness some time. For what purpose were the old fathers ever created, except to promote the happiness of the next generation?

Behold! a devoted and timid lover was at the portal, and afraid to enter, because Emily's papa might deem it an inauspicious hour for calling.

Clarence Sydney sadly returned to his hotel, where he presently fell asleep very soundly, despite his emotions, with the warm air floating through the window and moonlight shining on the floor. Ignorant young stranger, to thus recklessly defy the Mediterranean mosquito! He was speedily awakened by such a savage attack of a winged host as he had never before sustained in his life. Talk about the Maine woods in June and July! talk about the Mosquito Coast of tropical America! They came in legions, and they charged down in squadrons at a time, to the loud, fierce humming of their own bugles, until Clarence Sydney, goaded to acute and wrathful wakefulness, smote his fair smooth cheeks with the rudest violence, for the mosquito usually slipped away nimbly, leaving him to slap his own face. May not a mosquito's career be one of spicy interest among insects—a sort of running the blockade of danger perpetually, and skipping away from the avenging palm?

"Perhaps I had better close the windows," said the guileless youth. Visions of other chambers of the hotel, shrouded in curtains, recurred to his mind, and he had selected the one now occupied because of the water view.

Accordingly he closed the windows, and thereby prevented any of his vicious visitors from departing during the remainder of the night, even to make a call elsewhere, if so disposed. Oh, the wretchedness of that night, tortured by a tiny, insignificant mosquito, and with the moon-lit Mediterranean in view! If Clarence Sydney sank into an uneasy doze after his labors, armed with a towel and a candle, a select orchestra serenaded him in one ear; if he drew a sheet over his head, leaving only his nose exposed, the grandfather of the uninvited company settled on that organ with a piercing sting which caused the victim to jump on his couch; and if he roused himself desperately with the determination to abandon sleep and think of Emily, both hands were required to ward off the enemy. There is a fierce pertinacity about the Mediterranean mosquito unequaled by its family on other shores, and its bite is injected venom in the veins. Other less famished insects are satisfied with a moderate meal and a subsequent retirement; Clarence Sydney was allowed no respite until broad daylight.

There were stealthy sounds audible in the hotel during the midnight hour, and our traveller observed a light shining through the door leading to the next room, succeeded by a waft of incense. Clarence Sydney decided sagaciously that his neighbor was performing some religious service. The neighbor, better armed against the foe, was slowly strangling himself and the mosquitoes with a Venetian pastille.

When he arose in the morning, our Adonis was a spectacle to behold. What had become of the fair, handsome face which had won the young heart of Emily? The fine features had wholly disappeared; a horribly grotesque mask leered back at the dismayed owner from the glass. A mosquito is a most insignificant insect, and yet an army of them, with sharpened appetite, had wholly destroyed the beauty of a suitor whose face had done much for him hitherto, and was now needed more than ever. An angry, inflamed, distorted countenance was reflected in the mirror, with nose swelled, one eye closed, and a number of vividly red spots visible on cheek, chin, and forehead.

What need to tell how the unfortunate youth, wincing under the compassionate glances of the household, spent several hours in uncertainty and painful indecision? His vanity was severely ruffled, and he feared to stake all on Emily's affection at such a crisis. A swelled nose and a closed eye might make no difference to her, but his heart failed him at the prospect of her father's cold scrutiny. Would he sympathize with mosquito bites? Would the ladies laugh at him? He had never been an object of ridicule before in his life, and he felt that he could not endure it. If he had not left the windows open for the Mediterranean moonlight! How could he be expected to know all about the deadly insects? Emily had never mentioned mosquitoes in writing home the previous winter, but had dwelt rapturously on the charms of the Riviera, the flowers, and delightful sea, to the admiration of all her young friends.

At length he seized his hat, resolved to put an end to his own disturbing doubts, and once more ascended the hill toward the villa. As he reached the gate, his heart began to throb violently, and he paused. He saw the white dress amidst the shrubbery belonging to the charming Emily. She was seated, with her face invisible, but one foot was displayed in its high French shoe. Clarence Sydney recognized his divinity, although he had not seen her for many months.

"Emily," he called, softly.

The white dress rustled, the pretty foot descended to earth, and mamma appeared. When she beheld the visitor, she started aside and screamed.

"I have come over to Europe at last," he cried, in excitement, and strove to open the gate.

At the same moment fair Emily, blooming and gay, appeared at the door of the villa.

"Oh, what is it?" demanded mamma, still staring at Mr. Montgomery in the most unpleasant way. "No, no, I beg of you not to come in—that is, consider my child's beauty. It may prove small-pox."

Clarence Sydney turned and fled without a word.

The guilty mother had no sooner given utterance to her silly fear for Emily's complexion than she repented. Surely this apparition at the gate, disfigured and swollen, could not be the handsome Clarence Sydney of the ball-room at home. What had happened to him? She was very attentive to her daughter during the remainder of the day, striving to propitiate that unconscious young person in advance of the storm which might be brewing. She even dispatched her footman to make clandestine inquiries for Clarence Sydney at all the hotels. The young man had departed. He had not gone far, however, but paused at Nice to recover his beauty somewhat, and write a letter, which Emily read with hysterical tears and laughter.

"Only fancy, mamma, Clarence Montgomery has come all the way from America to see me again. The foolish fellow would not call yesterday because the mosquitoes had rendered him a perfect fright. As if we could possibly mind that!"

"Our savage Cannes mosquitoes," exclaimed mamma, visibly relieved in her mind. "Does he say any thing—else?"

"He will call when we intimate it will be agreeable. Dear me, how ceremonious!"

"You may invite him to dinner, Emily, and I will talk the matter over with your father," said mamma, stung by remorse.

The noble-minded Clarence had not revealed that she had driven him from the gate, fearing contamination in his nearer approach. This magnanimity alone would have converted her into a warm partisan, since the way to a woman's heart is through her sympathy; and she did talk with her husband to such good purpose that when Clarence Sydney finally reappeared, his path was strewed with rose leaves by her matronly fingers. He was made to forget that there was a mosquito in the world, when not placed opposite a mirror.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some of the streets of New York look like newly opened quarries of unsightly stone. A compound which by courtesy we call ice has fearfully accumulated in many of the streets, forming an underlying stratum from one to two feet in thickness, while frozen mounds adorn the narrow passageways on either side. Gutters are frozen up, of course, and a warm day deluges the crossings with muddy "slush," while deep pools often make locomotion absolutely dangerous. It is true that Broadway and some of the wider thoroughfares have been made *comparatively* clean, that is to say, passable. But the conglomeration of ice and mud, ashes and garbage, which clogs many of the narrower streets foreshadows a deadly malaria when warm days become more continuous. How to avert impending evil from this cause is a sanitary question important to every citizen. Snow in the city seems to be an unmitigated nuisance, except to a few jolly owners of sleighs and sleds. But not so in the country. In Maine, for example, where there has been steady cold weather and a superabundance of snow, the people seem bright and cheerful about it. The Portland *Transcript*—albeit Portland is a city—thus expatiates on the weather, giving us a pleasant idea of a good, cold, wholesome winter:

> "What is more invigorating than a morning walk at this season, with the mercury in the neighborhood of zero? The beauty of the scene is itself exhilarating. The air is clear and frosty. Every particle of the broad expanse of snow glistens in the morning sunlight. How pure and still is the landscape! The hoar-frost beautifies every object. In the still air the smoke from innumerable chimneys goes straight up in cloudy columns, which take on fantastic forms. One sees in them the snow-wraiths hovering over the wintry scene. The atmosphere is sparkling, and the aspect of the scene is as conducive to buoyancy of spirits as the intense cold is to activity of motion. This is winter in its brightest aspect. It is the entire thing—no half-way measures about it. No mist nor drizzle, no slush nor mud, no raw, damp, dismal weather."

So many explanations have been offered to account for the Ashtabula disaster that it would seem as if the public were almost at liberty to make a choice, each one, between several very plausible theories. Imperfect materials, defective plan, incompetent builders, lack of repairs, extraordinary strain, cold weather, train off the track—all these and other causes have been assigned. It is probable that several of them combined to produce the disaster. The practical engineers who have investigated the facts in the case believe that the bridge was wrecked through weakness of the braces and of the top chord, and that this defect might have been discovered and remedied.

There seems to be, however, a difference of opinion among scientific men, and a contradiction of testimony and statistics, in regard to the general questions of the brittleness of iron as affected by extreme cold, and of its tendency to crystallize and lose strength after long use. When iron exposed to extreme cold, and then tested, shows no brittleness at times, and then again will break when circumstances indicate that it is attributable to cold—when innumerable blows sometimes cause crystallization or change in the fibre of iron, and again strain and use improve the quality of the metal—it becomes evident that there is yet something to be learned about this useful substance. For such conflicting facts are on record.

There is now a most excellent opportunity for those interested in antique jewelry, bronzes, and statuary, and in rare specimens of ceramic art, to indulge their tastes. The Castellani Collection of Antiquities now open at the Metropolitan Museum of Art will remain on exhibition about six months. It is hoped that arrangements may be made for its purchase; and the admission fee is to be added to the purchase fund.

The person who writes that "some years ago an unhappy motherless child, tempted by hunger, took a few coppers from the desk of the Sabbath-school," and incloses five dollars for distribution, is informed that the money has been added to the contribution of the school for the benefit of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, who perished in the Ashtabula disaster. The donation, as a sort of restitution, will doubtless react happily upon the donor's mind. And we can not forbear adding, in view of the feelings expressed by the writer of the note accompanying the money, that such an act of a child, under such temptation, should not be made the cause of ceaseless suffering. Conscience should be a guide, not a torment. God is a father, not a tyrant; and we are not required to live constantly enduring the "pangs of conscience." It is more in accordance with the teachings of Christ to cease useless remembrance of forsaken sin, and find happiness in a life of love to God and helpfulness to man.

The committee on the statue of Liberty, to be erected on Bedloe's Island, have issued an address to the people of the United States, soliciting contributions. No doubt a warm response will be made to this appeal to provide for the reception, location, presentation, and inauguration of this statue, which comes from the friendly French to the American people. Subscription papers will be circulated, and contributions of any amount, from ten cents to one hundred dollars or over, will be received.

Housekeepers need to take extra precautions against thieves during the evening dinner or tea hour. Many cases are reported of houses being entered by the front-door or through unfastened windows while the family and servants are in the basement during meal-time.

The other morning our attention was attracted by the sound of a strong tenor voice in the street. Street-singing is so common that we gave no special heed to it for a while; but there was a ring of manliness in the voice that presently drew us to the window. Midway in the street stood a man of middle age, clean, and comfortably dressed—evidently no common beggar. He sang with uncovered head, while by his side stood a little girl of ten, holding his hat. Very plainly but neatly dressed she was, with a fair, open countenance. There was no doubt that her task was an unusual one, as she stood modestly by her father, shyly glancing at the faces that were gathering at windows on either side of the street. The singing was really good; but presently it ceased, and in a clear voice, which carried with it a conviction of its honest purpose, the man briefly stated why he had come to sing, bringing his little girl. "I would rather work ten hours a day for a dollar," said he, "than to do this. But while I can not get work, I have resolved to do the best I can to get bread for my children. I have a nice little home, but we can not eat it, and I have to pay rent for it. I am glad to say nothing I earn goes to the rum-shop." A few words more he added. It seemed impossible to doubt the man's sincerity as he stood there with a certain aspect of honest pride. As he resumed his singing, doors and windows opened, and there was substantial evidence that many hearts had been touched and sympathy awakened for those who, failing to earn money in these hard times in their usual avocation, were trying to do something else for an honest living. Street-singing may seldom be a wisely chosen occupation; but we honor the spirit which leads a man to do *something*, even if he can not do what he would—to earn what he *can*, even if he can not earn as much as he might reasonably expect.

Sulphur is recommended as a specific for scarlet fever by a physician who writes in the London *Lancet* of his "marvelous success" in using it. His treatment of cases was to thoroughly anoint the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment, and give five to ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day; sufficient sulphur was burned twice a day (on coals) to fill the room with fumes, which were inhaled by the patient. Every case improved under this mode of treatment, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery.

The London *Times* relates the details of what is supposed to be a most remarkable discover[illegible]n making the excavations for the new University Sc[illegible]ls at Oxford there has been laid bare the site of what is considered by some an undoubted British village or settlement, dating back perhaps for more than two thousand years. Many objects of great interest have been found, which afford conclusive evidence to some antiquarians that here has been found incontrovertible evidence that Oxford can carry her antiquity back to a far earlier date than the classic days when King Alfred founded University College. The discovery has caused considerable interest in university circles, though there is at present a difference of opinion as regards its real character.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Fish-culturists' Association is appointed to take place at the New York Aquarium, corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway, New York, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th of February. Mr. Coup, the proprietor of the Aquarium, has placed his rooms at the service of the Association, and its members will doubtless find much of interest in the establishment.

By the Thirty-third Annual Review, for the Year 1876, of the Whale-Fisheries of the United States, by Messrs. Bartlett & Sons, of New Bedford, we learn that the business of the past year has been fair, nineteen arrivals at that port being profitable, and fourteen resulting in a loss, this being fully up to the average.

Quite a number of new ships have been built during the year—more than for several seasons past. A serious loss occurred by the disaster to the whaling fleet in the Arctic Ocean, and after deducting these losses, the present number in commission amounts to 172, as compared with 169 at the beginning of the year 1876, and 163 in 1875. The number of vessels at sea on the 1st of January, 1877, was 146, as compared with 137 a year ago, and 119 in 1875.

The average catch of the vessels not lost, including two on Kodiak and Bristol Bay, was 656 barrels of oil and 4225 pounds of whalebone. The success of the sperm-whale fishery was varied, although in the North Atlantic, off Chili, and on the Off-shore Ground a larger number of barrels of oil was taken than for many years past, owing to the abundance of the whales. The catch in the Indian Ocean was small.

The distribution of the whaling fleet for the year 1877 will probably be as follows: North Atlantic, 80 vessels; Congo River and coast of Africa, 20 vessels; Indian Ocean, 16; New Zealand, 15; Sooloo Sea, 3; North Pacific, 20; Cumberland Inlet and Hudson Bay, 5.

The price of whalebone has increased enormously in consequence of the arctic disaster, the latest quotations for the year being $3 50 per pound in gold, the highest ever known. The total receipts of oil and bone during the year were 39,811 barrels sperm-oil, 33,010 barrels whale oil, and 150,628 pounds of whalebone.

Part III. of papers printed by the United States Transit of Venus Commission bears the title, Investigation of Corrections to Hansen's Tables of the Moon, with Tables for their Application, and is prepared by Professor Newcomb, U.S.N., secretary to the Commission. The first object of the memoir is to derive corrections to the lunar ephemeris which will serve to correct the places of the moon during the period September, 1874, to January, 1875, during which time occultations were observed by transit of Venus parties for longitude. Incidentally the Washington and Greenwich observations of the moon since 1862 are discussed, and a new inequality discovered, of which a previous notice has been given. The Greenwich observations from 1847 to 1858 have likewise been investigated. The memoir is of fifty-one pages (quarto), and is divided into three sections: § 1, investigation of errors of longitude; § 2, investigation of errors of polar distance and latitude; § 3, auxiliary tables for facilitating the computation of corrections to Hansen's tables.

In an examination of certain dust deposited from a storm on the 9th of October, in France, it was found that ten per cent. of the organic matter consisted of minute microscopical algæ, the remainder of the dust being principally a fine sand, such as occurs in the desert of Sahara. This indicated clearly the fact of its transportation for a considerable distance by atmospheric currents.

It has generally been assumed that the glass made by the ancients was manufactured in a manner similar to the process of modern times, and that its composition has not been varied. Mr. Peligot, however, shows in a communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris that the antique glass contains very little lime, and that it is only comparatively recently that the vitrifying qualities of this earth have been ascertained. Crystal glass, or lead glass, seems not to have been known at a very remote period.

It is a well-known fact that, notwithstanding the many remains of lake-dwellings in Switzerland and elsewhere, we are in great ignorance of the people who occupied them, singularly few burial-places having hitherto been detected. A recent discovery of such a burial-place on the shores of Lake Neuchâtel, at Auvernier, is one of the highest interest. This is about one hundred feet distant from the lake-dwellings of that locality, and was found at the foot of a hill, under some seven feet of earth which had been washed down and covered it. It was quadrilateral, built of flat granitic stones, and covered with two large flag-stones, belonging to the class of dolmens known as "stone-cists," and establishing a link between the true dolmens and the lake-dwellings.

This seemed to be the burial-place of a family, and the remains of fifteen to twenty individuals were deposited in it. Numerous implements of stone and bone were found belonging to the age of polished stone. With them were some bronze implements and a bead of yellow amber. The skulls show a close likeness to those occurring in other lake-dwellings, and belong to the semi-long group of Rutimeyer.

The English journals record the death, on the 9th of October, of Mrs. Gray, widow of the late Dr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, at the age of ninety, and who during a long period was a worthy helpmeet of her husband, besides making scientific investigations on her own account. Her work entitled *Figures of Molluscous Animals*, published in five volumes, between 1857 and 1874, very greatly facilitates the studies of naturalists by their accurate illustrations from originals and copies of engravings.

Her collection of algæ, in which she was specially interested, is among the best in the United Kingdom belonging to private individuals. She also arranged and mounted the greater part of the Cuming collection of shells preserved in the British Museum.

Mr. Lamont, who has had great experience as an arctic traveller, is of the decided opinion that the north pole is entirely encircled to a distance of 500 miles with eternal ice, perhaps miles in thickness at the centre. He does not think it can be traversed by any agency whatever.

The Geographical Society of Denmark, lately organized under the patronage of the king, promises to occupy a prominent place among kindred institutions. The first public session was held in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen on the 22d of December, with the Crown Prince as acting president.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a railroad station two gentlemen belonging to the district were warming themselves in the waiting-room, when a son of the Emerald Isle, "rather out at elbows," entered the room. One of the gentlemen, characteristically humorous, said to Pat, "I'll be after giving you my chair to warm yourself for a sixpence." "Will you?" was the reply. "I'll be afther lettin' you keep it for a shillin'; and it's meself that has much need of one just now."

One more.—The laziest man in Burlington, Vermont, writes "fortunately" 42n8ly.

Hard Times.—A school-marm, who was recently kissed in the dark by mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks afterward on the ground of hard times.

"My lord says," observed a nobleman's housekeeper, showing a tourist through the picture-gallery of a grand country-house, "that that picture's by Paul Very Uneasy [Veronese]; but what he's uneasy about, Sir, I'm sure I don't know."

Too curious.—A country paper, in an obituary notice of a subscriber's son, says: "He was an uncommon smart boy. He had a little too much curiosity, perhaps, or he wouldn't have peeped so fatally into the muzzle of his father's loaded shot-gun."

The Reason why.—"How came you to have such a short nose?" asked a city dandy of a country boy. "So that I should not be poking it into other people's business," was the reply.

Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered, promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

A witty Retort.—Lord Mansfield, probably with a view to prolong his own days, was always anxious, when old witnesses were in court, to know their customary habits of life. It so happened that two very old men by the name of Elm were one day the objects of his inquiry. Said his lordship to the elder brother, "You are a very old man; I suppose you have lived a very temperate life?" "Never drank any thing but water, my lord," said Elm. "Nor you either, I suppose," said the judge, addressing himself to the younger brother. "When I could get nothing else, my lord," was the reply. "I always took my social glass with my friends." "Well, then," replied his lordship, "all that we can say is, an elm will flourish wet or dry."

Fact about the Sex.—Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not own it.

When does a footman reply when no question has been asked?—When he answers the bell.

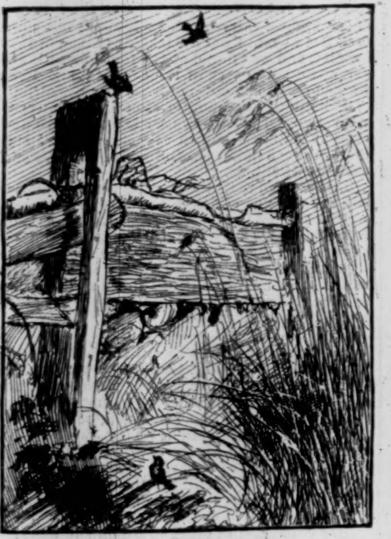
On being asked the composition of limestone, a brilliant geological student answered, "Lime and stone."

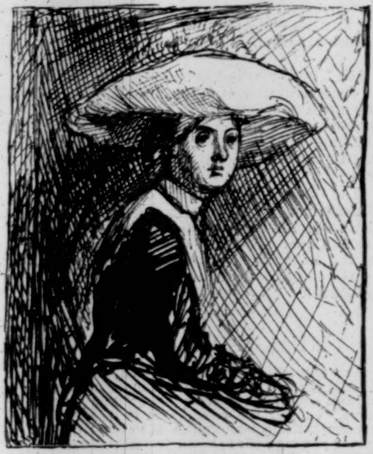
A druggist says of the man who came in and borrowed his mortar, and forgot to return it, that "he's a pestle-lent fellow."

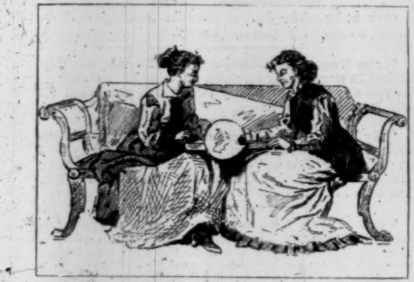
Them three Nights.—"Brutus Blinkenberry," said that gentleman's wife, drawing a paper from her pocket in the privacy of the chamber on Sunday morning—"Brutus Blinkenberry, I've counted, and out of the last thirty days you've come home intoxicated twenty-seven nights. What do you think of yourself?" Blinkenberry groaned. "Well, what are you groaning about now?" "Them three nights," replied Blinkenberry, with an expression of horrible suffering.

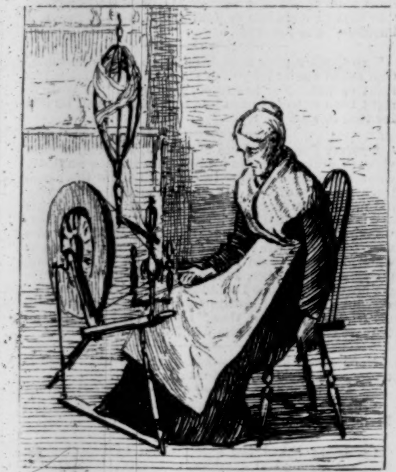
The following advertisement is by a modest specimen of "Young America:" "Wanted, situation, by a strong, active American youth of seventeen, with plenty of muscle, vim, and health. Not afraid to knuckle down to hard work of any kind; is well educated, and has a good knowledge of Latin. Ambition highly developed, and brains to back it. Penetration sharp as the business end of a hornet, and cheek bigger than either. Lawyer's office preferred. Highest and best of city references. Any one in search of such a bonanza will strike oil—a regular spouting well—by addressing 'Scamander,' —— office."

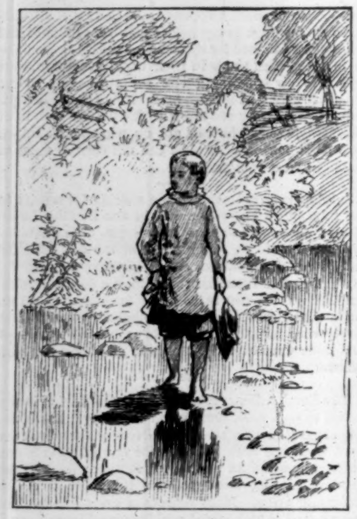
Anxious on a main Point.—After the usual explanation to a Freshman Class in regard to laws and customs of the college by the class officer, when opportunity was given for questions on points not fully understood, a Freshman raised his hand, and in a voice full of anxiety asked, "Professor, what time do we have breakfast?"

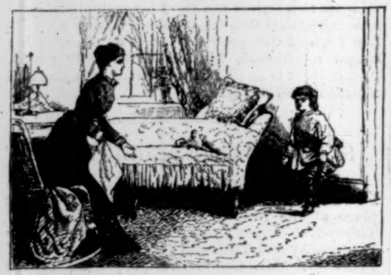

181.—RYE FIELD.—Fidelia Bridges.

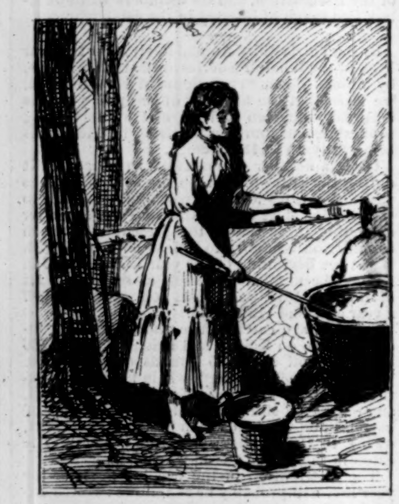

31.—"ZELIE."—M. R. Oakey.

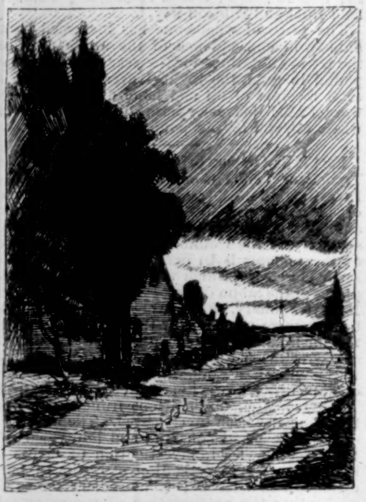

396.—BACKGAMMON.—Winslow Homer.

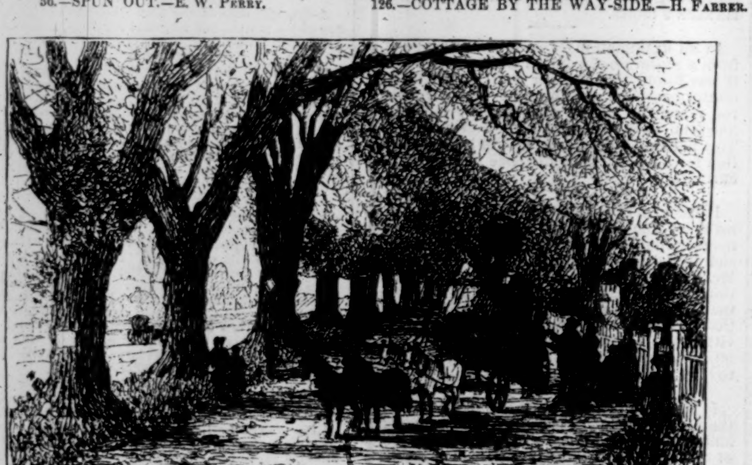

36.—SPUN OUT.—E. W. Perry.

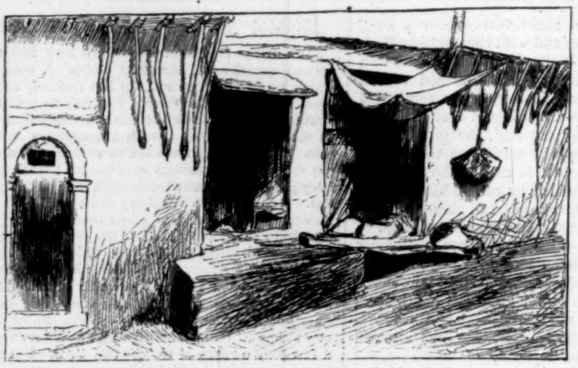

100.—CROSSING THE BROOK.—J. G. Brown.

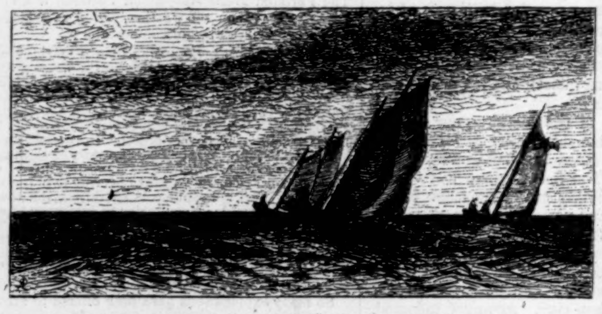

251.—THE REHEARSAL.—Alfred Jones.

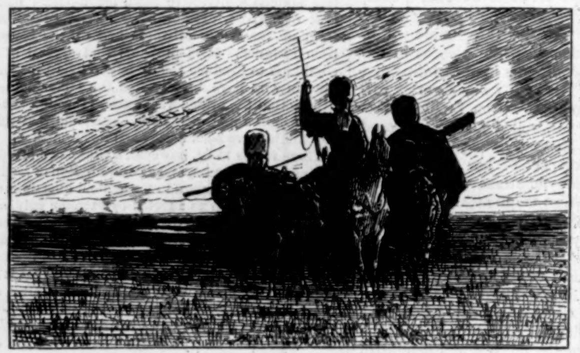

249.—WASHING BY THE LAKE.—J. Symington.

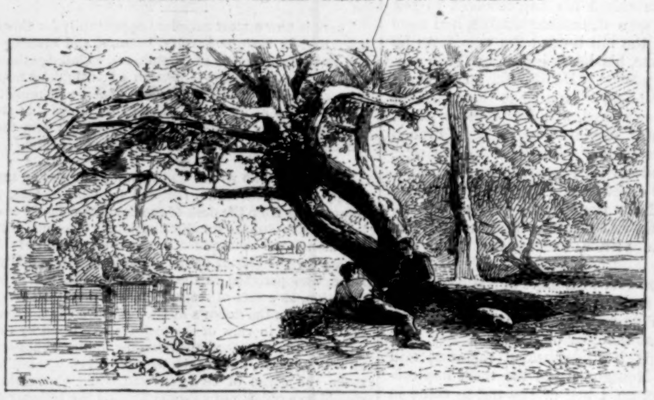

126.—COTTAGE BY THE WAY-SIDE.—H. Farrer.

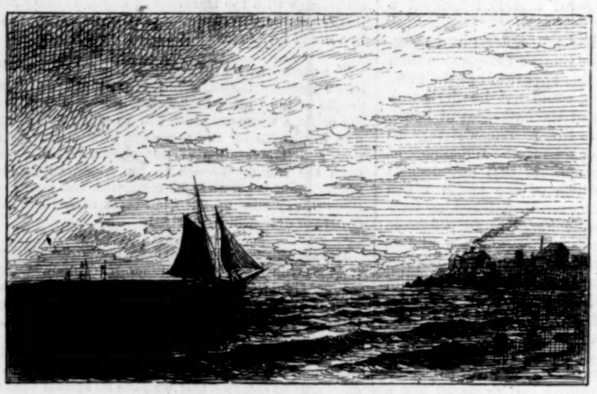

82.—COACHING IN NEW ENGLAND.—A. F. Bellows.

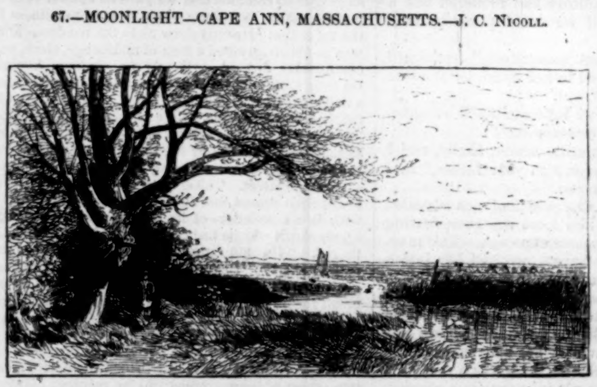

225.—OLD SHOPS IN ALGIERS.—Louis C. Tiffany.

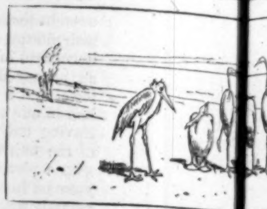

507.—SUNSET—FISHER-BOATS HOMEWARD BOUND.—A. Quartley.

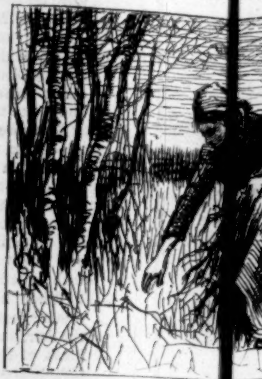

499.—COSSACK ADVANCED GUARD.—Ivan Pranishnikoff.

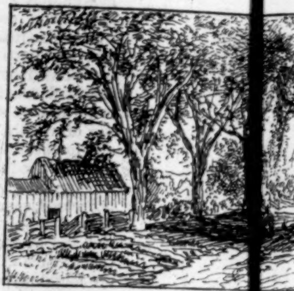

54.—THE TRUANTS.—James D. Smillie.


67.—MOONLIGHT—CAPE ANN, MASSACHUSETTS.—J. C. Nicoll.

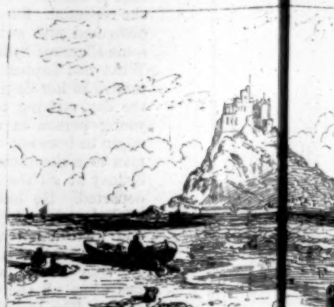

14.—SALT MEADOWS, NEW JERSEY.—Granville Perkins.

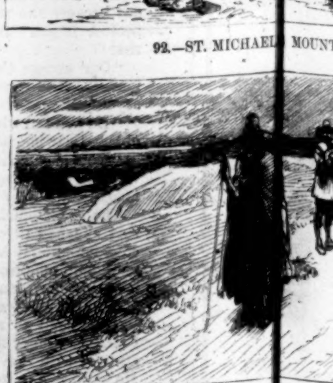

483.—THE AWKWA SQ


46.—GATHERING W D.—C

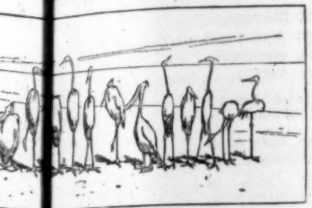

88.—NEW ENGLAND AD S

73.—DURHAM CA EDRAL.

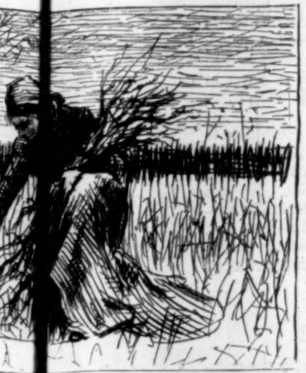

92.—ST. MICHAEL MOUNT


495.—THE E L-EYE.—

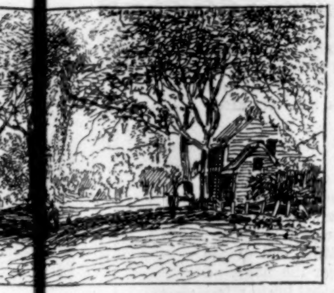
THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION, AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DE IGN, N



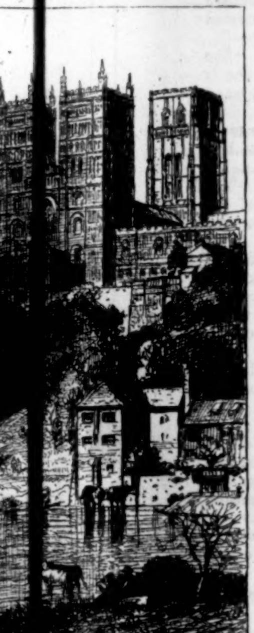
WKWA SQUAD.—F. S. Church.



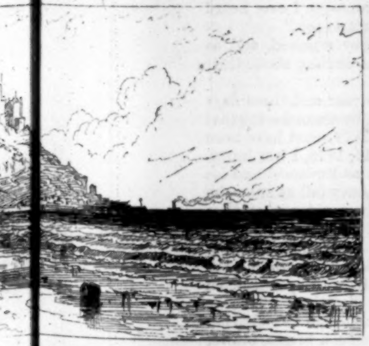
NG W D.—Charles S. Reinhart.



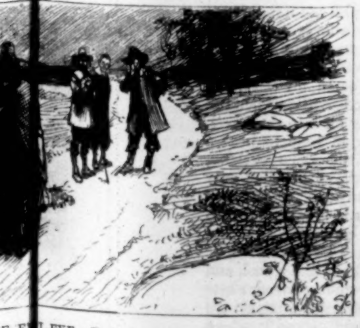
AND AD SCENE.—H. W. Robbins.



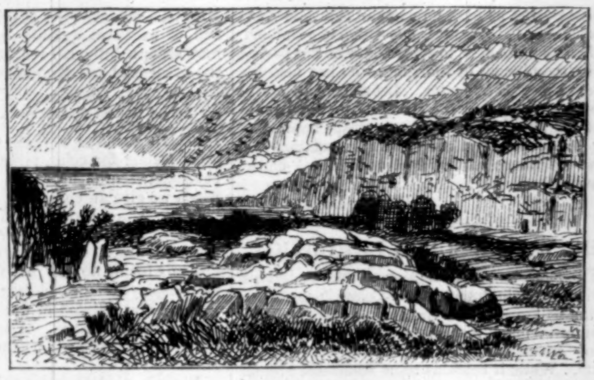
CAT EDRAL.—Samuel Colman.



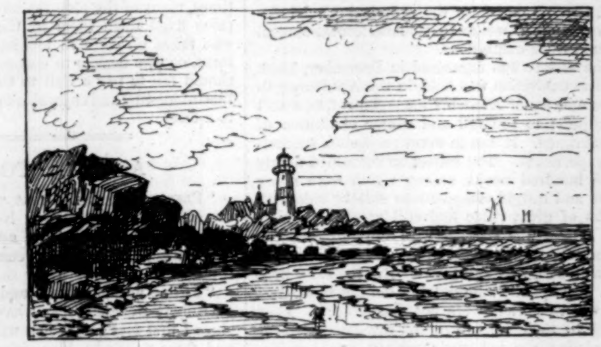
HAEL MOUNT.—A. T. Bricher.



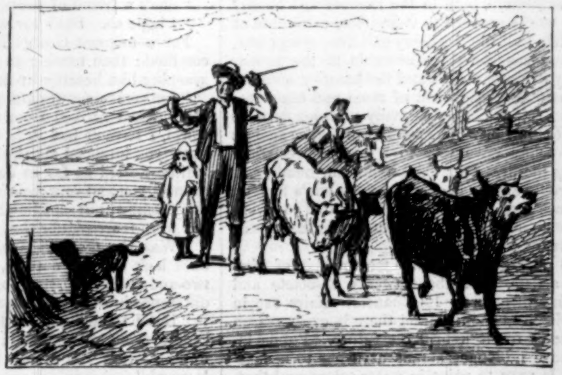
E EV L-EYE.—E. A. Abbey.



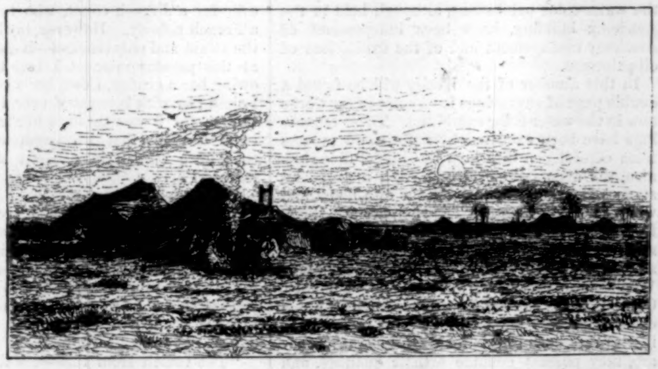
20.—A SKETCH.—William T. Richards.



187.—A SEPTEMBER DAY.—Francis Silva.

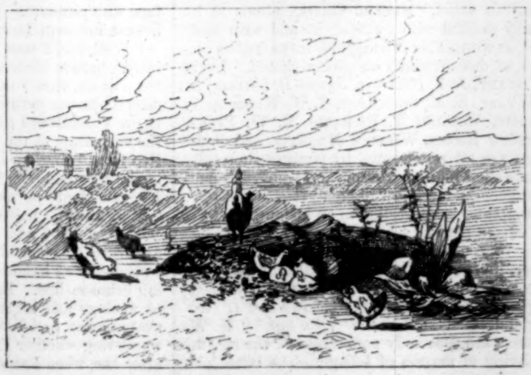


162.—"THE LOWING HERD WINDS SLOWLY O'ER THE LEA."
F. O. C. Darley.

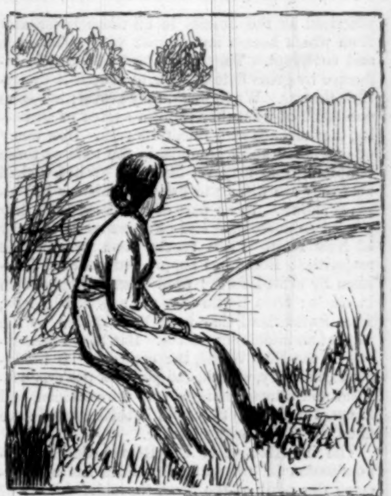


33.—EVENING IN THE SAHARA.—R. Swain Gifford.

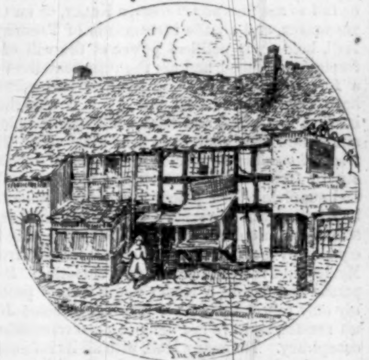
488.—DESERTED.—F. Hopkinson Smith.



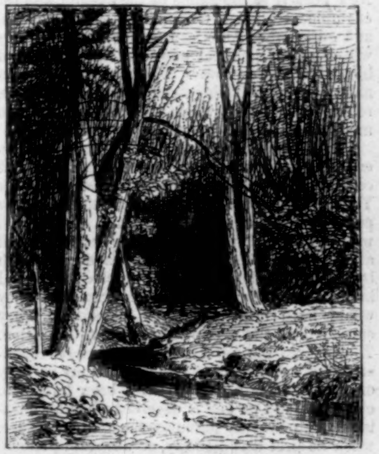
156.—CHICKENS.—Kruseman Van Elten.



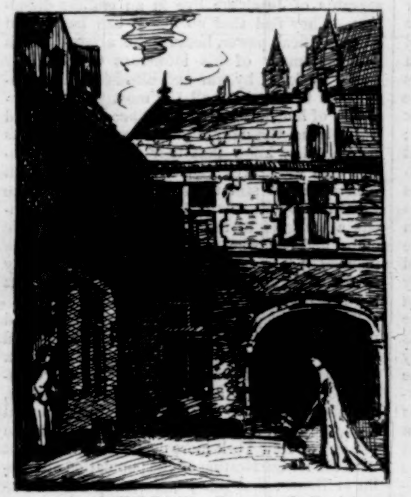
15.—REVERIES.—Alfred Kappes.



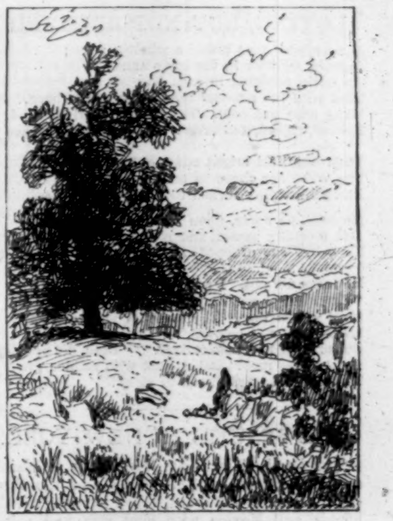
398.—SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.
J. M. Falconer.



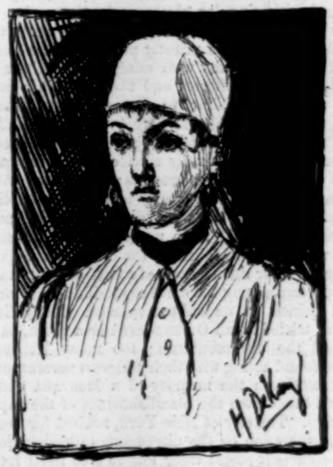
23.—NOVEMBER.—R. M. Shurtleff.



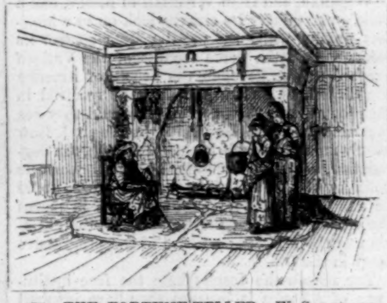
211.—COURT-YARD.—Percival De Luce.



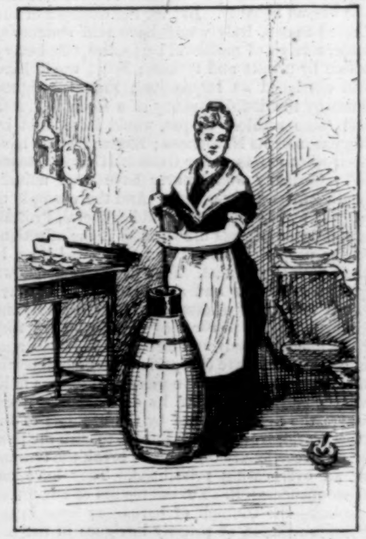
7.—A LANDSCAPE.—A. H. Wyant.



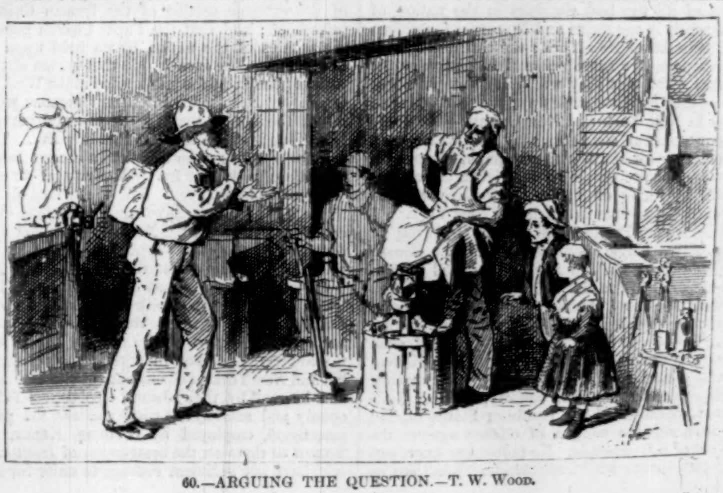
323.—HEAD.—Helena De Kay.



475.—THE FORTUNE-TELLER.—W. Satterlee.



77.—THE DAIRY-MAID.—William Magrath.



60.—ARGUING THE QUESTION.—T. W. Wood.

DE IGN, NEW YORK—SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE PICTURES.—[See Page 150.]

LOVING, BUT NOT BELOVED.

A pale pink rose inside a window grew;
Outside, a-glitter in the early morn,
An icicle, rejoicing in each hue
That with the summer bow of heaven is born,
Hung pure and cold. The flower raised its head,
Looked, sighed, and loved. "Oh! give one glance to me,
Thou beautiful bright stranger," soft she said,
The while her cheek in maiden modesty
From faint pink turned to lovely glowing red.

No look, no smile, upon the blossom fell;
And morning passed, and it was sunny noon.
Then low she drooped, and murmured, "Life, farewell!
He loves me not. I gave my heart too soon."
"Farewell!" a sunbeam said. "No more the day
Shall waken thee. Thy hours of joy were brief.
Loving, but not beloved, thou couldst not stay
On earth, and so thou'rt dead." "Dead, did you say?
Alas! sweet rose!" and, struck with sudden grief,
The icicle in tears dissolved away!

THE JESUITS IN NEW YORK.

The hand of Jesuitism, which has so plainly appeared in the political contests of the three chief American republics, which has covered Colombia and Mexico with civil war, and vainly threatens our own with a similar fate, may be traced with singular clearness in the course of our recent election. Every where the keen, unscrupulous, fearless priestly politicians have carried out their plans with mingled dexterity and violence, with flatteries and threats, with a subtle audacity familiar to European statesmen, but wholly unparalleled here. O'Conor, Kelly, M'Closkey, and their foreign guides and followers, have seized more firmly than ever before upon the control of the metropolis; have used their great ultramontane majority to win active politicians, to corrupt the weak, entice the ambitious, terrify the timid; have preyed upon the fears, the vices, and the follies of the community; have dragged after them a train of sometimes reluctant supporters among the more reputable Democracy, and gained an undoubted success. Many Germans, misled by an Ottendorfer or a Sigel, have joined the ultramontanes; too many Hebrews were found acting with their bitterest persecutors, and not even the memory of a Mortara could shield them from the blandishments of the papal faction. The city of New York, robbed for nearly a generation by the ultramontane leaders, had not sufficient moral vigor left to free itself from its plunderers. It was tossed about, from Kelly to Wickham, and from Wickham to Kelly, like a child's plaything. Its citizens look on in a hopeless apathy, while the papal priests control its elections, and the fierce tenants of the Vatican prepare to avenge upon the people of America the disastrous overthrow they have received in their own land. With what joy would they see the flames of civil discord kindled among us! How keenly must they exult in the corruption, the degradation, the dull stupidity, of our Democratic politicians! The fall of the temporal power would be almost atoned for could they dash in pieces the great republic of the New World, the example and the pride every where of the progressive party in the Old.

The reason the Jesuits hate the free institutions of America is because they have inspired the people of Europe with the ideas of freedom and human equality. But for the example of the United States, Italy would have still slumbered under a reign of mediæval barbarism, ruled every where by priests and tyrants; Spain would have still cherished its Inquisition; France, weighed down by the double tyranny of a foreign Church and some ruthless despot, would have kept its Bourbons or its Napoleons; England would have been what it was under George III. and George IV.; Germany would never have been united; South America never free. And the example of a great and prosperous republic, liberal, Protestant, progressive, has drawn after it the affections of the people of Europe, and stimulated them in their path of progress. They have stricken down great monarchies and aristocracies; they have shorn the papal priests in France, Austria, and Germany of the power they used so badly; they have liberated Italy and disturbed the barbarism of Spain; they have cast aside the temporal power of the papacy; they have pierced Jesuitism in its vital point, and threaten its destruction. Every where the people, stirred by the example of the New World, are aiming in Europe to curb the power of a reactionary Church and break the tyranny of an overbearing priesthood. They have not been unsuccessful. Yet the results of our recent election—the triumph of barbarous force in the Southern States, of priestly intrigues in the metropolis of the Union; the extraordinary excitement of all the bad elements in the nation, of wild rebels in the South and Romanist fanaticism in Cincinnati or New York; the threats of papal newspapers, like the Cincinnati *Telegraph* or the Boston *Pilot*, that they will inaugurate civil war unless they can have their way; the secret or open plots in New York and New Orleans—are traits in our political condition that may well give a momentary satisfaction to our papal enemies in Europe. If the people have stricken down their power at Rome or Vienna, they have at least avenged themselves in Mexico or New York.

The recent Presidential election involved, in fact, only a single question—Should the Roman Catholic clubs, the Jesuit sodalities, and the papal majority in the city of New York be suffered to win the control of the nation? The command of the metropolis, its wealth, its treasury, its Common Council, politicians, men of property, even some of the Republicans, gave to the Roman Catholic and ultramontane party an enormous influence throughout the country, and the disordered condition of the Southern States offered them a terrible weapon of offense against the rights of a free people. No politicians know better how to use such instruments. None are so practiced as the Jesuits in all those baser arts from which honest men shrink with abhorrence and contempt. They know best how to win influence by gross flattery, how to snatch it by terrible threats. When weak, they grovel; but once possessed of what they think a source of authority, they menace with relentless ruin. How many of our noted politicians are in the toils of these tempters, time may yet disclose. What wicked arts they are willing to use, their history has already shown. In no part of the world have they proved so successful and effective as in the city of New York. Paris repels them by immense majorities; Rome has suppressed political Jesuitism by armed force; even Vienna holds them in check; from Berlin they are expelled by law; from Switzerland they have been driven by the rage of an intelligent people. But in the metropolis of the New World, the centre of its intelligence, industry, wealth, and political power, Jesuitism and ultramontanism rule unrestrained, and the vast majorities they hold in their control have filled the nation with disorder.

The interference of the Roman Catholic denomination in our national politics has now become the peril of the hour, the chief danger of all the republics of the New World. No one can any longer doubt the character of the Democracy, or fail to see that an O'Conor, a Kelly, or an Ottendorfer, and all the instruments of Tammany Hall, hold their political power at the will of a foreign priesthood, and are the representatives of a foreign Church. Their journals and editors have clamored for civil war when it was their interest to terrify, and have sunk into a milder strain now that they have won their end. The trick of stealing an elector in Oregon, of turning out by force the electors chosen by the people, and supplying their places by electors appointed by a Democratic Governor—the boldest fraud ever attempted in our American politics—can only be equaled by the expulsion of President Lerdo from Mexico and the sudden rising in Colombia. Desperate and daring, a Kelly and a Tilden probably only reflect the deeper cunning of some Jesuit master, and are the tools of an ultramontane conspiracy. Tammany Hall, with all its infamous memories, is only the agency of a European society, the poisonous growth of European corruption. New York is in the hands of the Jesuits, and the example of Mexico, Colombia, Central America, and every other American state shows that they will use their political power to the extreme of bloodshed and civil war. This their leading journals have already threatened. And such is the relentless faction to whom the care of the Union may be committed.

The Jesuits were driven out of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy because they pursued the same course of politics they have followed in New York. They formed their secret societies, their political clubs, their Tammany Hall. They would willingly have plundered Germany or Switzerland as they have robbed New York, have grown rich by the ruin of the people, and purchased political influence with the money of the community. They would have bribed, flattered, menaced. They employed all the arts of slander and detraction. They spared the reputation of no honest reformer in Italy or France. But in Germany or Italy or France their arts have long been known to every one, and no one is deceived when an ultramontane politician assumes the garb of peace, when he professes honesty, or advocates, should he ever do so, toleration. They know that the servants of Jesuitism live in an endless deception. They feel that no Jesuit can be trusted with political power, because he always means the supremacy of his intolerant Church. By fraud, by force, by war and bloodshed, if necessary, he is bound by all the most powerful impulses of human nature to advance his creed, and Switzerland, Germany, and Italy expel the Jesuits because they know that they are pledged to invite civil war. Yet this is a lesson that we in America seem still to refuse to learn, and the great metropolis of the New World yields without a struggle to the rule of Roman Catholic clubs, and our whole country trembles lest in a moment it may fall into the hands of a priestly faction which every European liberal government has declared the enemy of civil order.

To some Republicans and many honest and patriotic Democrats it may still seem a fanciful speculation that the country is in the hands of a Roman Catholic faction, and that Kelly, M'Closkey, O'Conor, Cox and Wood, Schell, Tilden, and their associates rely wholly for their political influence upon a Roman Catholic constituency in the city of New York more debased and ignorant than the lowest stratum of the population of Dublin or Rome; that this population and these notorious politicians are ruled wholly by the power of the extreme section of the Roman Catholic priesthood; and that the Papal Church governs the politics of the nation by its hold upon the metropolis. The idea is one that seems not yet to have penetrated the public mind of the West and the East. Even many intelligent persons would resent the notion that the Democratic party in New York is only a Roman Catholic party. They can not conceive of so complete a change in that honorable body, once led by Marcy and Wright, Tompkins and Clinton. But the events of the recent election must have wholly dispelled every doubt upon this head. No one could look upon the long files of the supporters of Mr. Tilden who followed his political processions in New York without feeling that it was not to the honest and the industrious citizens he looked for his suffrages. The Catholic vote of the metropolis decided the politics of the State. The fate of the country rests upon the foreign mob of Brooklyn and New York; and our patient citizens, taxed and harried by their Jesuit officials, scoffed at openly and secretly by their masters, the papal priesthood, employed by O'Conor, Kelly, and Tilden to threaten the destruction of freedom itself, have not sufficient courage to unite for self-defense. Let us have no party in future in New York but one of relentless opposition to Jesuitism and all its promoters, to every man who has profited by the plunder of the Ring, who has held its offices, accepted its favors. Let us banish Jesuitism from politics by the silent fall of the ballot. In this way only can New York escape approaching bankruptcy and endless waste, taxation beyond endurance, a municipal government under Jesuitical officials the worst ever known.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

The tenth annual exhibition of the "American Society of Painters in Water-Colors," now open in the galleries of the National Academy of Design, is in many respects a decided and encouraging advance on the exhibitions of previous years. While it contains some admirable French and English pictures, the contributions of the American artists are so excellent in quality, as a rule, that no one feels the overshadowing influence of foreign works that characterized several of the earlier exhibitions.

The society was organized in December, 1866. Its first exhibition was held, in the Academy galleries and under Academy management, as a sort of adjunct to the fall and winter exhibition of oil-paintings. It was in many respects a successful experiment. The collection contained nearly three hundred works, among which were many crude and insipid compositions side by side with works of great value and still greater promise. The public was pleased with the novelty; the water-color galleries were crowded day and evening with admiring spectators. But the sales were few. The public admired, but did not buy. But the water-colorists were not discouraged. They clung to their work, firm in the faith that as knowledge ripened, their reward would come. Each year witnessed a marked improvement in their exhibition, both in the number and quality of the works exposed to view. The exhibition of 1874 filled all the Academy galleries except one, which is considered unfavorable to the proper display of water-colors, and the hanging committee was obliged, for want of room and other reasons, to return almost as many pictures as were exhibited in 1867. The popular prejudice against water-colors gave way to a just appreciation. During the first four exhibitions the number of sales could almost be counted upon one's fingers, but since then the sales have amounted to a very handsome sum, and have steadily increased year by year.

The society has an active membership of fifty-eight artists, with about twenty associate and honorary members. Its financial affairs are in a flourishing condition, and there is every reason to predict for it a brilliant future. Public indifference no longer stands as a bar to its success. It pays to paint in water-colors, and that, it must be allowed, is a powerful incentive even to the most idealistic of artists. For some years the water-color exhibitions, although held in the Academy building, have been independent of Academy management and of the exhibitions of oil-paintings.

In this number of the *Weekly* will be found a double page of engravings from some of the works now in the water-color exhibition. These engravings have been executed by a *fac-simile* process from careful pen drawings by skillful draughtsmen, the artists themselves having in some instances translated their paintings into black and white for this purpose. The sketches are, therefore, in every sense artistic, each being to the smallest dot and line the work of an artist's hand, and not an engraver's interpretation of his work. Wood-engravings would, of course, be much finer. Certain effects can not be well rendered by a mechanical process, and drawings must be made for it with reference to this fact. But slight as they are, they possess genuine artistic qualities, and express the spirit of the originals more accurately than wood-engravings would have done. The numbers attached to the titles are those of the pictures in the exhibition catalogue.

The number of water-color paintings, pen and crayon drawings, etchings, etc., in the exhibition is 529. A large number of works were rejected by the hanging committee as not being up to the required standard. Some that were admitted might have been rejected without impairing the value of the exhibition, but the number of these is quite small, while many of the artists appear at their best, and their contributions challenge comparison with the finest work of English water-colorists. We have not space in a single article to go into particulars of description and detail, and can do no more than call attention to a few pictures which appear to be peculiarly characteristic of the progress made by American painters in this branch of art. Take, for instance, those of R. Swain Gifford, which must be reckoned among the finest specimens of pure transparent water-color painting ever exhibited by an American artist. Samuel Colman seems to be equally skillful with transparent and with body color, as witness his two magnificent cathedral pictures, of one of which we give a sketch. Louis C. Tiffany, A. F. Bellows, James D. Smillie, A. H. Wyant, R. M. Shurtleff, T. W. Wood, A. T. Bricher, William T. Richards, E. W. Perry, Winslow Homer, William Magrath, and F. H. Smith are all represented by pictures that fully sustain their high reputation, and justify the public expectation. The "Sketch" (No. 20), by W. T. Richards, is interesting as an instance of striking effects produced by the use of slight means. It is very rapidly sketched in tints on coarse paper, the fibre of which is skillfully made to suggest texture and detail. "Coaching in New England" (No. 82), by A. F. Bellows, and a "New England Road-side Scene" (No. 88), by H. W. Robbins, are especially noticeable for the skillful rendering of masses of foliage. The latter picture gives a most charming country scene. "St. Michael's Mount" (No. 92), by A. T. Bricher, is full of excellent qualities, although perhaps it may seem a little too realistic when one recalls the old legend and Milton's sonorous verse:

> "Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold."

Magrath exhibits several pictures that show great feeling for color, power of expression, and charming sentiment. His "Dairy-Maid," of which we give an engraving, is an exquisite *genre* picture. Other artists could be mentioned, if we had space, who have also very creditable work in the exhibition. One feature deserves mention, not only for its novelty, but for the really artistic skill displayed—the collection of porcelain plates, with designs painted in water-color or etched in smoke and burned in. A specimen is given in our engraving of Shakspeare's birth-place, by J. M. Falconer.

We are glad to learn that the exhibition is well attended, and that, notwithstanding the hard times, many of the pictures have been sold at the price fixed upon them by the artists. No one who takes pleasure in looking at beautiful pictures, or who desires to encourage American art, should fail to pay a visit to the Academy before this interesting and enjoyable exhibition is brought to a close.

A FAIRY TOOTH.

"Pretty little woman that, yonder, in the crimson silk and myrtle leaves. No, not exactly pretty, now that I look at her again, but what my small nieces would call 'cunning.' Don't you think so?"

"*I* think her both pretty and cunning," answered Robert Douglass, "and have thought so ever since I first met her, which was exactly one year and three days ago, four o'clock this very afternoon."

"She's a friend of yours, then?"

"I hope so. She's my wife."

For a moment George Earle was slightly discomfited; then turning to his old comrade and grasping him heartily by the hand, he said,

"Let me congratulate you, my dear fellow. Having just arrived from the other end of the world, I haven't had time to hear the news. I knew you intended matrimony—that bit of information floated as far as Japan—and I expected to meet you and your *fiancée* here at your cousin's this evening; but somehow it never struck me that you were married, nor that that young lady—"

"Was the *fiancée*," laughed Douglass. "She does look rather youthful, but in reality she is two-and-twenty; so, you see, there's only ten years' difference in our ages, after all."

"But I thought—in fact, Warren wrote me a little over a year ago," said Earle, with some hesitation, "that you were engaged to Constance Howard."

"Almost, but not quite, thank Heaven! for she was Constance only in name, and threw me over for a French count, who turned out to be a French nobody. However, my heart withstood the strain and only cracked—it didn't break; and at this present moment I feel that instead of owing her a grudge, I owe her a good turn, which I shall pay with interest if ever I get the opportunity; for it was through her indirectly, and a tooth directly, that I became acquainted with the 'little woman in crimson silk and myrtle leaves.'"

"A tooth!"

"Yes, Sir, a tooth. But I see you'd like to hear all about it, and as I am good-natured to a fault, and don't care about dancing, I'll consent to gratify your curiosity, although after promising me in the days of our boyhood to be groomsman, you weren't to be found when I had that position to offer you. Are you engaged for any of the dances?"

"The fourth from this—a waltz," replied his friend.

"Well, meanwhile we'll go to the smoking-room and have a cigar, and I'll narrate. But don't expect much of a story, or you'll be disappointed, though I do think it was about the oddest way of forming an acquaintance I ever heard of, and ten to one you'll think so too."

To the smoking-room they repaired, and as soon as the blue smoke was circling above their heads, Douglass began:

"One afternoon, just one year and three days ago, which, you will perceive, by remembering that this is St. Valentine's Day, 1877, must have been the afternoon of February 11, 1876, I was hurrying along the street as fast as the snow and ice would let me—we'd had a heavy fall of snow the preceding night—toward the residence of Miss Constance Howard, and had arrived within a few doors of the house, when I saw a small, plainly dressed young woman cautiously descending the steps, and then as cautiously, with eyes bent on the ground, advancing in my direction. She wore no veil, and as she drew near to me I studied her face with pleasure. It was such a bright, brown, honest, innocent face.

"Well, Sir, I was looking so earnestly at this bright, brown, innocent face, and not minding my steps at all, that I never saw a large lump of ice directly in my pathway, and tumbling over it in the most awkward manner, was precipitated into the very arms of the small woman, my tall hat—I've worn soft ones ever since—striking her full in the face and then bouncing off into the street. I regained my perpendicular in time to hear a half-distressed, half-sharp little voice exclaim, 'Oh, my tooth!' and see a pair of peculiar gray eyes raised reproachfully to my face, as a pair of woolen-gloved hands went up to a pair of charming crimson lips. Before I could utter a word of apology and regret she had glided, slided, or skated away, and I stood looking like a fool, and wondering whether I'd better glide, slide, or skate after her, when I saw something glittering on the ice at my feet. I stooped and picked it up—a fairy tooth!' You needn't look so horror-stricken, Earle; it wasn't a real one, of course.

"'Tisn't likely I could have struck the young creature so violent a blow as to knock a tooth that had grown there out of her mouth without knocking her down. It was a false one, but the tiniest I had ever seen in my life, false or real. I looked at it a moment, put it into my pocket-book, took my hat from an urchin who had been patiently holding it, and then, the absurdity of the thing striking me, I laughed loud and long, until the passers-by must have thought I had suddenly come into a large fortune. After I got through laughing, I recalled the face of the young girl, and the more my fancy painted it, the more charming it grew, until at last I had persuaded myself that if not the most beautiful, it was certainly the most charming it had ever been my good fortune to gaze upon; and the first question—not a wise one, I saw when too late—that I asked Constance, when she came down into the parlor to receive me, was,

"'Who is the small woman who left this house a short time ago—brown as a gypsy, dark arched eyebrows, nose *retroussé*, mouth like a baby's, gray eyes, with a queer look in them, and woolen gloves?'

"'Pray how long did you look at her?' said Constance.

"'Two minutes,' answered I.

"'You saw a great deal in two minutes,' she retorted, with a disagreeable laugh. 'What a capital traveller and sight-seer you would make! You could rush through a gallery of paintings, for instance, and carry away as many in your mind's eye as those unfortunates who, not possessing your extraordinary talent—'

"'Don't chaff, that's a good child,' I interrupted. 'Who is she?'

"'She,' answered Constance, with a curl of her lip, 'is a young person, one of my aunt Fidelia's favorites—by-the-bye, *I'm* not included among them,' with a shrug of the shoulders and a grimace—'who comes here every afternoon, Sundays excepted, to teach my little sisters their A B C's. And I think' (narrowing her steel-blue eyes and wrinkling her white forehead) 'she took a great liberty when she left this house by the door sacred to the family and their friends, and a still greater when she stopped long enough in your way to have her photograph taken.'

"Of course I said no more on the subject, but turned to some theme more congenial to the irate beauty, who, by-the-way, hadn't raised herself in my estimation by her, to say the least of them, ill-natured remarks about the poor little daily governess. To tell the truth, old fellow, I'd been suspecting for some time that my 'lily maid,' as I used to call her in the first days of my spooneyism, was not entirely free from blemish, and that only her hair, and not her heart, was bright and golden.

"That night I dreamed an old and withered hag, quite in the style of the *Macbeth* witches, came to my bedside, and, with many strange imprecations and much shaking of a bony fist, demanded—a tooth.

"'It is our queen's,' she said, 'and woe to him who, having found it, refuses to restore it to its rightful owner.'

"'I don't refuse to restore it to its rightful owner,' I said, with firmness; 'I will give it into the mouth—I mean the hands—of the queen herself, no other.'

"'Dare you defy me?' shrieked the hag. 'Be-w-a-re!' and growling like a young thunder-storm, she disappeared.

"Well, Sir, I did nothing but think about the brown-faced governess and the mite of a tooth all next day, and the next, and at last I determined to find out where she lived and send it back to her—anonymously, of course. It was such a ridiculous thing for a man to carry around with him. If it had been a handkerchief, or a glove, or a ribbon, or a flower—but it wasn't.

"*How* to find out where she lived became the question, solved for me by sheer good luck that very evening, when I went to call on Constance.

"Miss Howard was not at home, but Mrs. Fairman (Aunt Fidelia) was, and had a message for me.

"'The very thing!' I inwardly exulted, as I entered the room, with outward composure and dignity. You remember Aunt Fidelia?"

"A slim, keen, blue-eyed, rather dramatic old lady, with 'no nonsense about her,' and a very decided way of speaking?"

"The same. 'Constance has gone skating,' she said. 'Her orders are that you follow her. I suppose you'll obey them?'

"'Can't I stop and rest a few moments?' asked I.

"The old lady smiled. 'I haven't the slightest objection,' she said; 'on the contrary, I shall be glad to have you. I like you as well as I like any of them—perhaps a little better. Have you any news?'

"My news was exhausted in five minutes, apparently not at all to the disapprobation of Aunt Fidelia, who, like most old ladies, delights much more in talking than in listening, and who in five minutes more (I never could tell how she got there, but it was through no questions of mine) began to hold forth on the subject above all others I would have chosen—the nursery governess.

"'Such a dear little thing!' she said, 'and so kind to her widowed mother!—a poor seamstress, unable on account of her delicate health to sew half the time. I can't imagine what she would do if it were not for Daisy.' And do you know, old fellow," said Douglass, breaking off in his narrative to take a long whiff at his cigar, and send a fleecy ring floating upward, "that if I had been asked to choose a name for her, that's the very name I'd have chosen—Daisy. A bright, sturdy, constant, frank-faced little flower, making pleasant the fields and meadows and road-sides. Are you smiling? Beg pardon—thought you were; and I didn't wonder at it. Bob Douglass doing the poetical is rather rum. Let's see—where was I? 'The girl is the life and light of the humble place she calls her home, and to the eyes of her mother there is no sunshine like Daisy's smile,' said Aunt Fidelia; 'and apropos of that, let me tell you something odd that happened to Miss Russel a couple of days ago—unless you are sufficiently rested and wish to follow the skaters.'

"'I assure you, my dear madam, I am *not* sufficiently rested, and very much interested,' I said. 'Pray go on.'

"The old lady went on. 'Daisy has the loveliest tiny teeth in the world, but unfortunately last week she broke one of the front ones. Away goes the child to the dentist, and has what was left of it pulled out, and then home to her mother, and smiles. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cries the mother—who is, as I told you before, a weak, nervous thing—"where is your tooth? and where, oh! where, is your smile?" You see, the tooth, Mr. Douglass, had taken Daisy's smile with it, and the poor girl didn't look at all like Daisy. So the modest little thing, who hadn't given a thought to her looks herself, seeing her mother's distress, went directly back to the dentist, and begged him to tell her what to do. "Have a false one in its place," said he; "but it will take some time to get up a permanence, and you say you *must* have something immediately. The only thing we can do is to find a tooth and fasten it in with a bit of wax to serve as a temporary."

"'Easier said than done, Mr. Douglass. It took a long while—a whole afternoon, in fact—to match Daisy's pretty teeth; but at last it was done, and the dear little daughter went home in the twilight, and smiled again at her contented mother. Well, a day or two after, going from here, some stupid man slips on the ice, falls violently against the child, his tall hat striking her straight in the mouth, and out flies the "temporary." And now Mrs. Russel is pining for sunshine again.'

"'Who was the man?' I asked.

"'Why, what a silly question!' said Aunt Fidelia, sharply. 'How should I know? And as for Daisy, her near-sighted eyes didn't rest on him an instant, and she couldn't tell him from Adam. So, poor thing, after all her trouble, she's lost the tooth. Can't get another, because she isn't able to recompense the man for the time it would take to find one, and is obliged to go about with her mouth shut. You needn't say how dreadful for a *woman*; I'll say it for you.'

"'The mother is a seamstress,' said I; 'perhaps my mother, who is kindness itself, could help her to some work which would pay her well. Can you give me her address?'

"'You're a good boy,' said the unsuspecting old soul; and scribbling it on one of her own cards, she gave it to me. 'And now I think you'd better go. Good-night.'

"The next day after my highly satisfactory interview with Mrs. Fairman was St. Valentine's Day, and what I considered a happy thought flashed into my mind, and I instantly proceeded to put it into execution. I bought a pretty little tortoise-shell box, laid the tooth in it on a bed of white cotton, in company with two or three small gold pieces to pay for the 'permanence;' and wrapping the box in a sheet of rose-perfumed paper, on which I had written a verse or two—what a time I had trying to find rhymes to 'mouth' and 'tooth'!—I sent it by one of our errand-boys, with strict injunctions not to answer any questions, to the residence of Miss Daisy Russel. Judge of my astonishment when, in less than an hour, the box, minus the tooth, but still containing the coins, was returned to me, with a note written in a hand which betrayed extreme agitation, and which read thus:

"'Miss Russel thanks Mr. Douglass for his kindness, and, while retaining her own property, begs to return the verses and other things sent by mistake.'

"Imagine my feelings, my dear fellow. No, you can't imagine them; it's impossible. My cheeks, man as I am, actually burned with mortification. I came near flinging the money, or 'the other things,' as she called it, out of the window; but, on second thoughts, pocketed it instead.

"How in the world had she found me out? No doubt she knew, through the Howard children, there was such a person, but in what manner had she discovered that the sender of the valentine and Robert Douglass were identical? What should I do to pacify the little gypsy? how prove to her that what I had done had been done in thoughtless kindness? I made up my mind to call upon her. The affair could not be properly explained by letter. Embarrassing as an interview might prove, I must face the situation like a gentleman. And in half an hour after the box was returned, I was ringing at the door of the house where dwelt Miss Daisy Russel. She opened the door herself, and peered curiously at me with her lovely near-sighted eyes. It was evident she didn't know me by sight.

"'I would like to speak to you a moment, Miss Russel,' I said. 'I am Robert Douglass.'

"Her brown cheek flamed like an autumn leaf with the light of the setting sun on it. She answered not a word, but led the way into a pleasant but rather circumscribed sitting-room.

"'I have come to beg your pardon,' I began, as soon as the door closed behind us. 'I had no intention of wounding you—God forbid! I knew you found it hard struggling in this cold world, that you had a dear mother almost dependent upon you' (her face softened a shade when I spoke of her mother), 'and I never dreamed—'

"'But the verses,' she interrupted, raising her eyes and darting a look of reproach at me (by-the-bye, did I tell you she had forgotten to send them with the 'other things?'), 'and Miss Howard? Oh, Mr. Douglass, it was cruel and unmanly of you!'

"'Miss Howard and I are not on as friendly terms as formerly,' I answered; which was true, as the count had made his appearance at the skating party.

"'Still, Sir, I am only a poor teacher, and not in your circle at all, and they were too—too—' And, by George! she burst into tears."

"Were they 'too—too?'" asked Earle, with a smile.

"Oh, there was something about the happiness of the fairy tooth in being imprisoned in so lovely a prison as her fairy mouth, and some reference to a kiss—that's all!"

"And quite enough," said Earle, "taking into consideration that you had never been introduced to the young lady."

"Well, Sir, when the little thing began to cry, I thought I should go wild. 'Miss Russel,' I cried, 'do—*do* forgive me! You know that on St. Valentine's Day people are privileged to a little more—in fact, a great deal more extravagant and poetical language than on other days. And, upon my word and honor, I respect and esteem you with all my heart, and have *admired* you ever since the day I first beheld you—the day I came near knocking you down.'

"A smile beamed through her tears as she held out her hand and said, 'That's about thirty-six hours ago. But I'll detain you no longer, Mr. Douglass. I believe you are sincere in what you say.'

"'And you forgive me?' I asked.

"'I forgive you. Good-by.'

"'One moment more,' I begged. 'Pray tell me before we part how you discovered *I* wrote the valentine.'

"She looked at me in great surprise. 'I have heard of you often from my pupils,' she said, 'and one day when we were out walking they pointed out to me the house in which you live.'

"'Yes, my dear Miss Russel, but they knew nothing about the tooth, the box, or the verses.'

"Still more surprised, she looked at me as she went to her desk and took from it the offending valentine, which in her anger and haste she had neglected to return, and handed it to me.

"By George! old fellow, in my absent-minded way, I'd signed my name to it. There it was, bold and free—little flourish at the end of the last 's,' and all—'Yours to command, Robert Douglass.'"

Earle burst out laughing. "Just what might have been expected of the boy who came to school one morning with a tin pie-plate under his arm instead of his slate."

"So I did, by George! I'd nearly forgotten that," said Douglass, joining in the laugh. Then throwing away the end of his cigar as the strains of a waltz reached them, he added, "There's your dance."

"But the end of the story?"

"You've heard the first chapter. The second and last is a very short one. Perhaps, not being entirely bereft of brains, you may have discovered that I was half in love with Miss Russel when I went to offer her an apology for trying to befriend her. Well, Sir, I came away *wholly* in love with her, and that in time she returned my passion may be inferred from the fact that we were married three days ago, on the anniversary of the day I found the fairy tooth—fairy in more senses than one, for it certainly enchanted *me*, and led me by force of that enchantment to where happiness and— But don't wait another moment, my dear fellow. Off to your waltz, and when it's over I'll introduce you to Mrs. Robert Douglass."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

Saturday, 24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday, 25.—Second Sunday in Lent.

Boston has seen, has heard Mr. Moody, and accepts him with hearty good-will. The same crowding of the Tabernacle, the same breathless listening to the evangelist's speaking and his associate's singing, which have been marvelous features in their work in other cities, have been repeated in the chief city of New England. Mr. Moody's practical sense and perfect self-restraint will attract the New England people. The *Congregationalist* notes the fact that there is no cant in his preaching. The place provided for noon meetings has proved inadequate, and these have been carried to the Tabernacle. On Friday at noon the great building was crowded. Fridays are to be devoted to temperance. On Sunday, February 4, at 9 A.M., the sermon was to Sunday-school teachers; at 3 P.M. there was a sermon to women; and in the evening a sermon to men. During that day 15,000 persons attended the services.

A Compulsory Education Bill is now before the Ohio Legislature.

The trustees of Dartmouth College have elected Professor Samuel C. Bartlett to the presidency, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Asa D. Smith. The new president is a graduate of Dartmouth.

The most important ecclesiastical question likely to come before the British Parliament is that of burials in the parish church-yards. Mr. Osborne Morgan promises to introduce his bill of last year. The Bishop of Carlisle, in a recent pastoral to his clergy, admits the grievance of the Dissenters, but denies that it originated with the Church. The disposition of the English bishops is to make some concessions.

Professor Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, long known as one of the first of American scholars in theology and philosophy, died, at his home in New York, February 7. He had reached the age of sixty-two years. For nearly ten years his health had been precarious. In the year 1868 he was compelled to go abroad for rest; and upon his return, in 1870, he resumed active duty in the seminary, but was never able after to do full work. He filled successively the chairs of Church History and Systematic Theology, gaining in each great distinction.

Professor Smith was best known to the public as an author. For a number of years he was the editor of the *American Presbyterian and Theological Review*, now known as the *Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*. He made the *Review* especially remarkable for its full notices of foreign theological literature. He also translated several important German works, among which were Hagenbach's *History of Doctrines* and Gieseler's *Church History*. He was a man of untiring industry, receptive mind, and, until disabled by ill health, was always planning and executing important literary undertakings.

A Convention of the laymen of the Church of the United Brethren has been recently held in Ohio, in order to urge the admission of lay delegates to the General Conference and the Annual Conferences. The General Conference of 1873 sanctioned lay delegation, and requested the bishops to prepare a working plan. Owing to a difference of opinion upon legal points, the bishops have failed to do this. The next General Conference meets this year. The Convention adopted a memorial asking for immediate action.

The supporters of Christian missions will miss, with deep regret, the counsels and labors of the late Mrs. Doremus, who died, at an advanced age, in this city on January 29. She was the mother of Professor R. Ogden Doremus, and was beloved not only at home, but in all lands where American Protestant missionaries have set up their homes. For many years she had devoted herself to the personal comfort of missionaries going to or returning from their fields of labor. As founder of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, she led the way in the missions to heathen women, which have become of late years so important in the Christian world. Her charity passed over denominational lines, and reached all classes and conditions of mankind. "Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report," she had part in them all. Her delicate features, bent form, and slow step suggested weakness, but one could not converse with her without perceiving that there dwelt within a royal soul, whose utmost energies were devoted to the kingdom of Christ.

We Protestants are sometimes asked to try to see the good that there is in Romanism; and Protestant writers have done justice to the piety of Pascal and Fénelon, and have awarded their tribute of praise to the energy and organizing power of Loyola. But if we may judge from the *Tablet*, the Catholic press of this city can still find pleasure in applying to the leaders of the Reformation the foulest epithets. The New York *Tablet* of February 10 opens an editorial thus: "To-day we shall demonstrate that Martin Luther, by the doctrines which he taught and the principles he propagated, sought to degrade the Christians of Europe to the low level of those base slaves and crawling imbeciles, the colored races of Western Asia; that he labored to defraud and disfranchise, dishonor and brutalize, one-half of the human race; that he was the worst man in Europe."

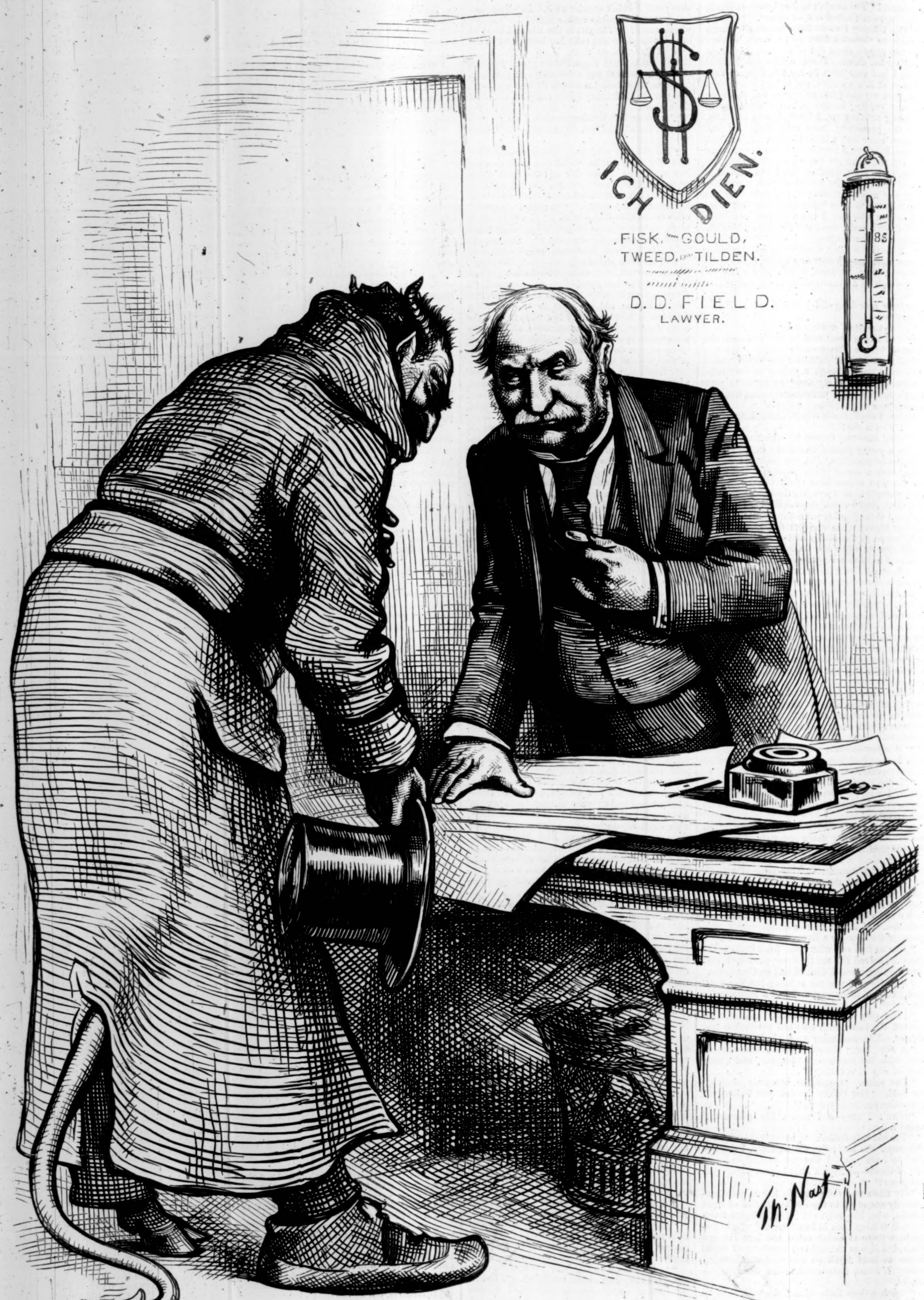
What do intelligent lay Catholics think of this sort of writing?

A Jesuit father, the Rev. J. Bannon, in a recent lecture delivered in Dublin, acknowledged that of fifteen millions of people of Irish descent in the United States, only six millions were Catholics. He attributed the falling away from the Church partly to mixed marriages and partly to common schools.

The English Congregational Year-Book for 1877 reports the total number of churches of the denomination in Great Britain and the colonies to be 3895; the number of ministers and missionaries is 3205. There are 430 students preparing for the ministry in the colleges and schools of Great Britain and the colonies, besides 500 native students in the institutions in foreign lands sustained by the London Missionary Society. A recent article by the Rev. R. W. Dale, in the London *Congregationalist*, indicates that important changes of theological opinion have of late years taken place in the English Congregational body. While certain great doctrines are firmly held, there is now no theological system accepted "in the sense in which Calvinism was the theological system of most of the Puritans of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." This statement does not appear to be disputed.

On Monday, January 22, the Rev. Arthur Tooth, rector of St. James's, Hatcham, was committed to the Horsemonger Lane Jail. No attempt was made by him to evade the service of the sheriff's writ. He went to Tunbridge Wells for a few days, but returned to the house of a friend living near the jail, where he gave himself up. The imprisonment is, of course, of the mildest kind, but it excites the sympathy of his friends. A curate has been placed in charge of the parish by the Bishop of Rochester. To avoid an unseemly disturbance, the curate ordered the church to be closed on Sunday, January 21. On the Saturday night preceding, policemen were stationed about the building. About five o'clock on Sunday morning a company of ladies and gentlemen, with the two church-wardens, came to the church door, demanded admittance, and were refused by the officers. "Suppose we push you aside from the door?" was the question asked of the chief of the police. "I shall at once take you into custody," was the prompt answer. Upon hearing this, the ritualistic company retired.

A meeting of the "English Church Union" has been held, at which were present Archdeacons Denison and Macdonald, Canon Carter, Drs. Littledale and West, and other members of note. Dr. Pusey was not present, but signified his concurrence in the proceedings. Among the resolutions adopted was this: "That any court which is bound to frame its decisions in accordance with the judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or any other secular court, does not possess any spiritual authority with respect to such decisions. That a suspension *a sacris* being a purely spiritual act, the English Church Union is prepared to support any priest not guilty of a moral or canonical offense who refuses to recognize a suspension issued by such a court." Money was raised at the meeting for the aid of Mr. Tooth.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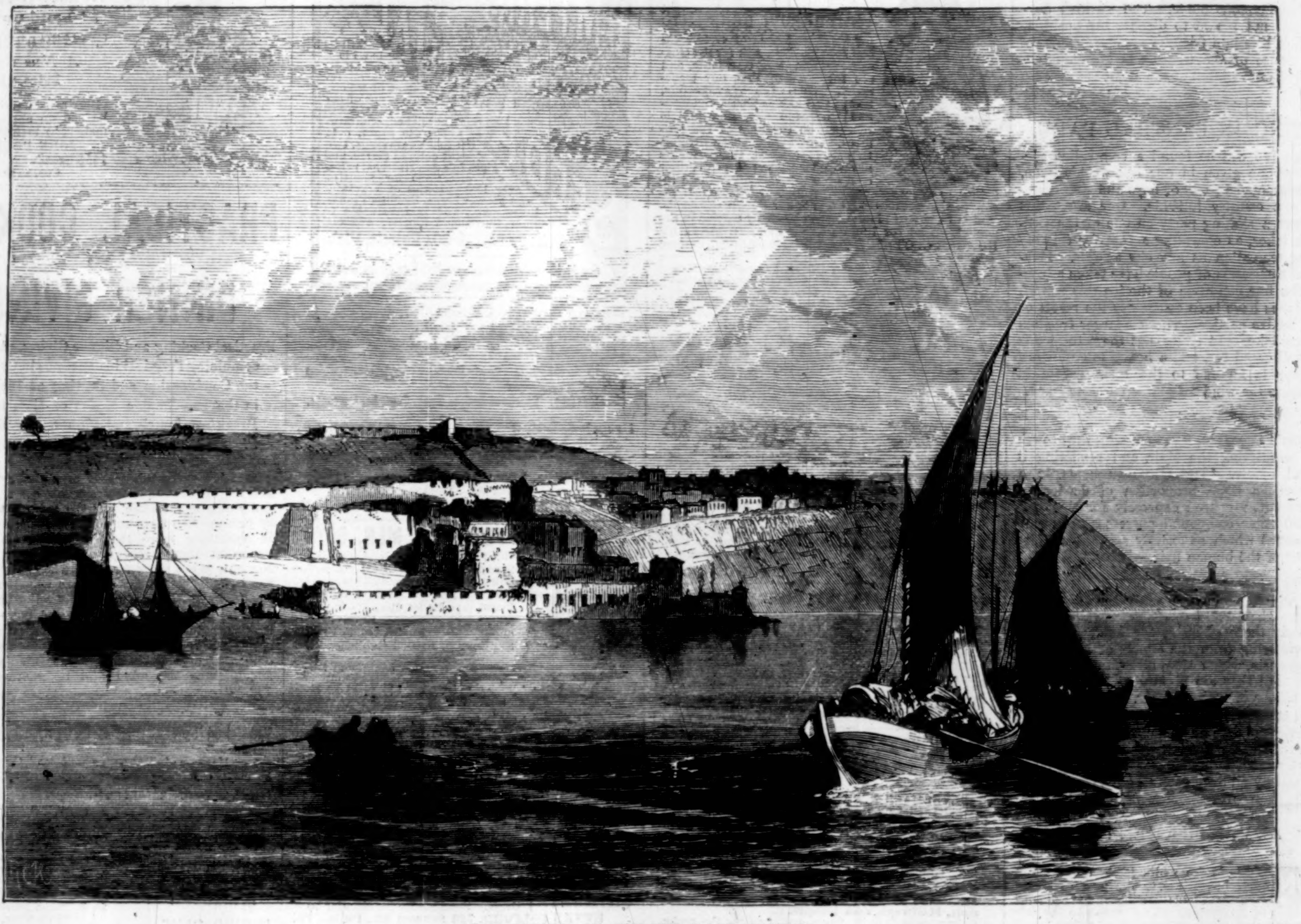
THEY DO EACH OTHER HONOR.

MR. ***** (*the Most Ancient Fraud*). "Your *fame* has reached beyond this *cold world*, and I have come to ask you to defend *Me*."



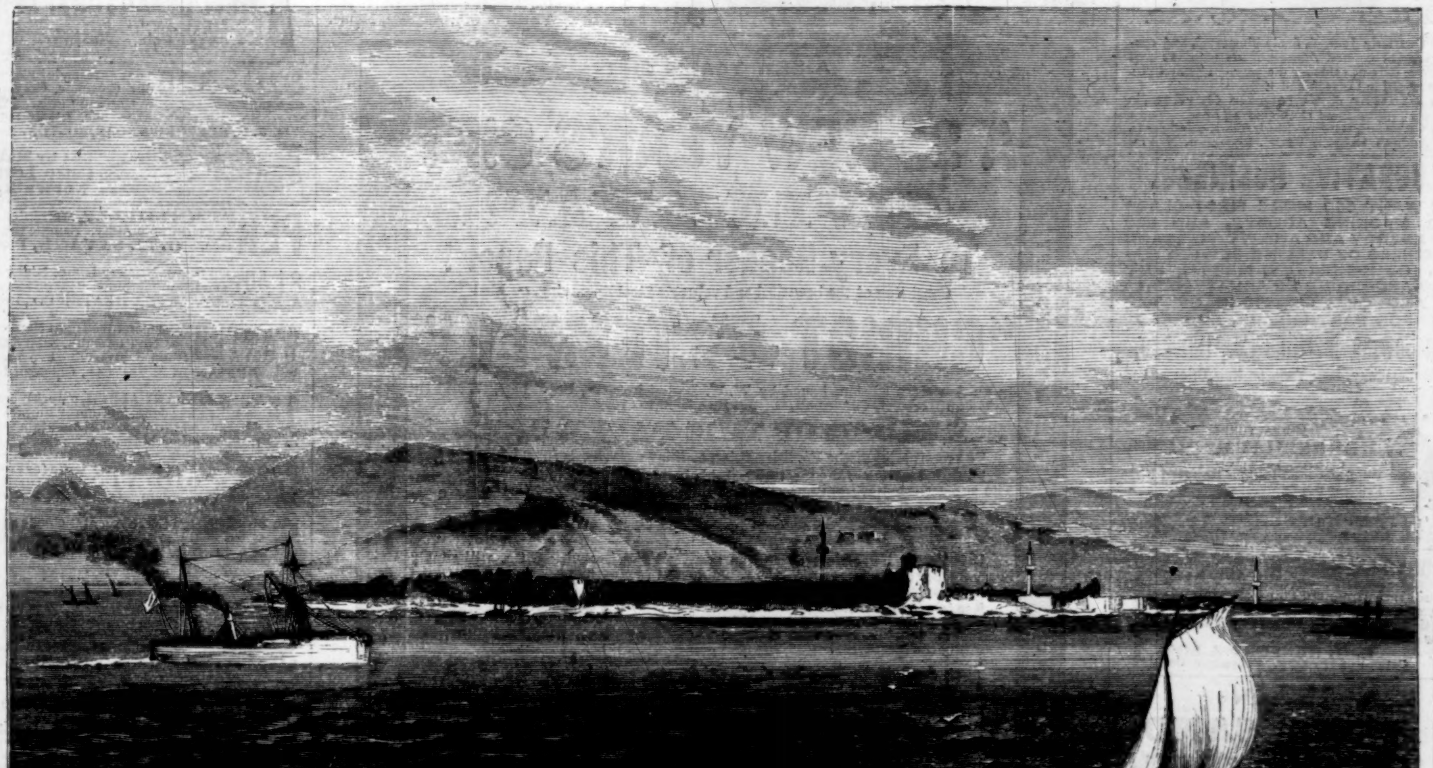
THE CASTLE OF EUROPE, DARDANELLES.

THE DARDÀNELLES.

The strait of the Dardanelles, which joins the Archipelago to the Sea of Marmora, is about forty-five miles in length. It probably derives its name from the ancient city of Dardanus, on the eastern shore. Four strong castles or forts, called by the name of the strait, two on each shore, command the access to Constantinople from the Mediterranean; but in several instances ships of war have succeeded in running past their batteries without receiving serious injury. The two castles situated on opposite shores, at the entrance from the Archipelago, were built in 1659 by Mohammed IV., to secure his fleet against the Venetians, who used to attack it within sight of the older castles. The former are still in good repair, but the width of the channel, which is here nearly five miles across, renders them inefficient against the swift steam-ships of modern naval warfare.

The two ancient castles, represented on this page, command the strait at a point where it is only eight hundred yards across, and where the passage may be barred by chains. On both sides the principal defenses are strong shore batteries, for the castles themselves would topple over like a pile of loose bricks under the fire of modern artillery. These batteries contain guns of the largest calibre and the most modern construction. On the Asiatic side a wretched town stretches away from the old castle, and to the north of it a low strip of land projects into the sea. This is supposed to be the site of the ancient Abydos. A similar point runs out from the European shore opposite. Here it is thought that Xerxes built his famous bridge connecting the two continents. It was at this point that Alexander the Great crossed into Asia. Here also Leander swam across the strait from Abydos to Sestos to visit Hero. In 1357 Solyman crossed with his army at this point, and for the second time planted the crescent on European soil.

It was always the traditional policy of the Turkish government to allow no foreign vessel of war to pass the Dardanelles. This policy was tacitly recognized by Europe, formally acknowledged in 1841, and re-affirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1856. An officer of the United States navy was the first to disregard it. In November, 1858, the commander of the United States frigate *Wabash*, holding that his government, not being a party to the Treaty of Paris, was not bound by its stip-



THE CASTLE OF ASIA, DARDANELLES.

ulations, passed the Dardanelles and anchored his ship at Constantinople. The Turkish government did not see fit to dispute his position, and received him in a friendly manner. This restrictive clause of the treaty was abrogated in 1870, and the navigation of the strait is now free to all.

SKATING IN CENTRAL PARK.

On page 145 will be found a companion picture to the one given in our last week's issue, which represented a party of boys and girls coasting down a country hill-side. Our artist this week shows a skating party on one of the Central Park lakes, as charming a spot for this exhilarating recreation as any city affords. Hundreds and thousands of people have taken advantage of the fine condition of the ice this winter, and the lakes have been constantly the resort of gay and festive parties. There is larger freedom on country lakes and rivers, but there the ice is not so well cared for, and a heavy fall of snow generally puts an end to the sport, except in places where the wind may sweep a clear track.

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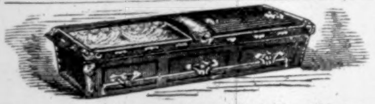

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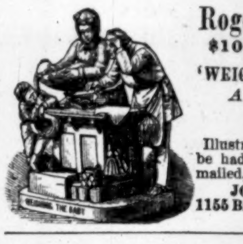

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STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the Year ending December 31, 1876.

ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Ann. Payments.		No.	Ann. Payments.
In force Jan. 1st, 1876	55	$27,965 72	In force Jan. 1st, 1877	52	$26,098 88
Add Premium Annuities		6,480 79	Add Premium Annuities		6,393 46
Issued	5	1,381 36	Terminated	8	3,335 53
	60	$35,827 87		60	$35,827 87

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
In force, Jan. 1st, 1876	92,393	$305,057,221	In force, Jan. 1, 1877	92,125	$301,278,037
New Risks	9,344	32,127,693	Terminated	9,612	35,906,877
	101,737	$337,184,914		101,737	$337,184,914

Note.—The amount of terminated Polices is larger than usual. The increase was, in a great measure, caused by the purchase of unmatured Endowments, either paid up or due in less than five years, which were discounted at seven per cent.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account	$75,414,923 42	By paid Death and Endowment Claims	$4,459,458 52
" Premiums received	15,136,703 36	" " Annuities	24,611 49
" Interest and Rents	4,878,260 34	" " Dividends	3,701,700 34
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions	6,319,785 21
		" " Commissions (payment of Current and extinguishment of future)	676,967 49
		" " Contingent Guarantee account	56,160 85
		" " Expenses and Taxes	664,302 35
		Balance to New Account	79,526,900 87
	$95,429,887 12		$95,429,887 12

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve at four per cent	$77,502,062 00	By Mortgages on Real Estate	$60,856,200 18
" Claims by Death, not yet due	610,750 00	" United States and State Bonds, &c	12,673,5[illegible] 33
" Premiums paid in advance	24,372 43	" Real Estate	4,246,245 40
" Contingent Guarantee Fund	654,842 59	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,183,001 73
" Surplus for Division	3,568,161 57	" Interest accrued	1,322,294 16
		" Premiums deferred quarterly and and semi-annual	923,332 99
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December	137,195 10
		Balances due by Agents	18,349 70
	$82,360,188 59		$82,360,188 59

Premiums deferred and in transit in the foregoing Balance Sheet have been subjected to a deduction of twenty-five per cent. by the Insurance Department, for the estimated cost of collecting the same. See Official Report below.

Note.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent. Interest be used, the Surplus is $10,262,879.44.

From the Surplus for Division, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a Dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1877.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same correct. WM. J. EASTON, Auditor.

January 17, 1877.

Note.—By act of the Trustees, the membership of this Company is limited to one hundred thousand insured lives.

TRUSTEES.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON,
JOHN V. L. PRUYN,
R. H. McCURDY,
WILLIAM BETTS,
SAMUEL E. SPROULLS,
SAMUEL M. CORNELL,
LUCIUS ROBINSON,
W. SMITH BROWN,
WILLIAM H. POPHAM,
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RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-President.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, 2d Vice-President.
W. H. C. BARTLETT, LL.D., Actuary.
ISAAC F. LLOYD, Secretary.
O. H. PALMER, Solicitor.
G. S. WINSTON, M.D., } Medical Examiners.
W. R. GILLETTE, M.D., }

To the Trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York:

The undersigned, the Annual Committee appointed pursuant to the By-Laws of the Company, on the 20th day of December, 1876, to examine at the close of each fiscal year the accounts and assets of the Company,

Respectfully Report, That they have carefully examined all the assets, investments, and securities of the Company, and find—That it had on the 1st day of January, 1877, stocks in the form of Bonds of the United States, and of New York and other cities, amounting in par value to $12,063,550, and in market value to $12,673,569.33, and that this latter sum is immediately convertible and available in cash. That of these securities $7,473,550 are in United States registered bonds, and $4,590,000 chiefly in city bonds. They are all specified in the accompanying schedule; are all genuine, and, in the opinion of the Committee, are all judicious and perfectly secure investments.

The Committee further report, That on January 1, 1877, the Company had invested in Bond and Mortgage upon real estate in fee, which was appraised at the time of each investment to be worth, at least, twice the amount loaned, the sum of $60,856,200.18. The Committee have examined each Bond and Mortgage, and find the same correct, as stated on the books of the Company. The Committee find that the interest on these bonds has been paid with great punctuality, and that the arrears of interest for the last six months are only a very small per centage on the amount due.

In addition to the security of the land covered by the Mortgages, the Company holds insurance on the buildings thereon, as collateral, in solvent and responsible Fire Insurance Companies, amounting to the sum of $34,000,000.

The Committee further report, That the Company now owns property formerly pledged to it in Bonds and Mortgages to the extent of $835,893.97, that this is the total amount of all property purchased by it since its organization on Foreclosures, and held by it at the close of the last fiscal year; and the Committee believe that this property will be sold without incurring any considerable deficit. This sum bears a small ratio to the total amount of the Company's assets, being about one (.01015) per cent. thereof.

In addition to this Real Estate, the Company owns, for the transaction of its business in the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, valuable real estate costing the sum of $3,410,451.43. The building in New York pays 8 per cent. on its cost, charging a fair rent for the part occupied by the Company. That in Boston is incomplete, and that in Philadelphia has recently been finished.

The Committee have ascertained that the cash on hand on the 1st day of January, 1877, was $2,483,001.73. This sum, added to the securities immediately convertible into cash, makes a total of cash assets equal to $14,856,571.06 immediately available.

We have ascertained that the expenses of the Company for acquiring its business are nearly a quarter of one (.2233) per cent. upon the sum insured; and the expense of conducting the business, which includes expenses of every kind, except claims by death, is less than one quarter of one per cent. on the same (.2191), which, in all, is less than one half of one per cent. upon the sum insured (.4424), and is six and seven tenths (6.701) per cent. upon the income of the year.

While the Committee were making investigation, the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, with his Deputy, Assistants, and Experts, was also engaged in examining the affairs of the Company, as required by law. He is still at work, examining not only into the liabilities of the Company, but likewise into the mathematical principles upon which its business is conducted and its liabilities are determined. This examination will be thorough and exhaustive, and its results presented in a report which will be published in due time, and to which the Committee refer.

All of which is respectfully submitted. (Signed) HENRY E. DAVIES. SAMUEL M. CORNELL. H. C. VON POST.
Dated January 17th, 1877. GEO. S. COE. WM. H. POPHAM. GEO. H. ANDREWS.

◆

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

The Report of the Examination by the Insurance Department.

To the Editors of the Evening Journal: Albany, February 2d, 1877.

Gentlemen—Having caused a thorough personal examination to be made of the condition and affairs of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York during the month of January, by Hon. John A. McCall, Jr., Deputy Superintendent, in which examination the Acting Superintendent has also personally participated, I deem it for the public interests that the result of said investigation should be published.

I therefore enclose the same for publication. Yours, very respectfully, WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.

Hon. William Smyth, Acting Superintendent New York Insurance Department: Albany, February 1, 1877.

In accordance with instructions received from you under appointment No. 365, I report the completion of the examination into the affairs of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Made at a time when the annual investigation by the Trustees—as called for by the Company's charter—was in progress, the work was considerably facilitated by each department representative acting with one of the said trustees, thus giving a double force, with a check that was invaluable as to the correctness of the labor performed.

The valuations of the Policies in force have been made in the department under the supervision of Mr. D. H. Keefer, our Actuary, and have occupied his attention with that of the rest of our actuarial force not engaged in New York.

The investments of the Company, with other admissible assets, make a total of $82,076,706.87.

That the Company has been successfully managed is every where conceded; and it is very necessary that the custodians of this sacred trust fund should be men eminently competent to guard zealously the moneys that in the future afford the protection guaranteed by contracts with the holders of ninety-two thousand one hundred and twenty-five policies.

The Company does not need any other endorsement by the Department than is shown in the assets and liabilities enumerated below, exhibiting a surplus, as regards policy-holders, of $10,262,879.44.

A schedule giving in detail the information necessary for valuations of property, verification of title, &c., of each of the seven thousand one hundred and fifty-six (7,156) mortgages, has been compiled, and with a list of uncollected and deferred premiums is now on file in the department. The following was the condition of the Company on December 31st, 1876:

ASSETS.

	Par value.	Market value.	
Real Estate			$4,246,245 40
Bonds and mortgages			60,856,200 18
Stocks and Bonds			
U. S. bonds, registered	$7,473,550	$7,907,340 62	
New York City bonds, registered	2,465,000	2,412,587 50	
Boston Water bonds, registered	500,000	556,250 00	
Providence, R. I., bonds, registered	500,000	537,500 00	
Cherry Valley Town bonds	50,000	50,000 00	
City of Yonkers bonds	118,000	128,250 00	
Buffalo City bonds	140,500	145,417 50	
Elmira City bonds	56,000	57,435 00	
Missouri State bonds	215,000	225,025 00	
San Francisco bonds	590,000	637,528 71	
Union Co., N. J., bonds	14,000	14,735 00	
Plainfield, N. J., bonds	1,500	1,500 00	
	$12,063,550	$12,673,569 33	12,673,569 33
Cash in banks and trust companies			2,183,001 73
Interest due and accrued			1,322,294 16
Net uncollected and deferred premiums			795,396 07
Total admitted assets			$82,076,706 87

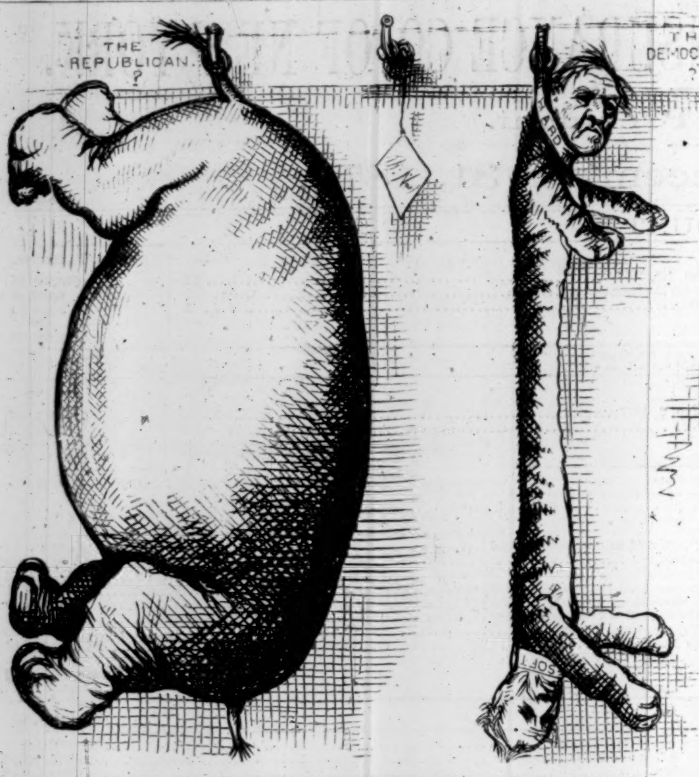
LIABILITIES.

Net value of outstanding policies and additions	$71,031,205 00
Unpaid losses not yet due (including resisted claims)	758,250 00
Premiums paid in advance	24,372 43
Total liabilities	$71,813,827 43
Surplus as regards policy holders	10,262,879 44
Aggregate	$82,076,706 87

All of which is respectfully submitted JOHN A. McCALL, Jr., Deputy Superintendent.

The Superintendent in person was present during the examination of the United States securities, bonds and mortgages, and other stocks and bonds, owned by the Company, and took part in said examination. He desires to join with his Deputy in assuring the public that the system of management and accuracy of detail, as well as the checks and individual responsibilities imposed on each person who has any thing to do with the loaning or investing the funds of the Company, command his most hearty approval. The President and all other officers of the Company were most prompt and courteous in affording every information; while so perfect is the organization of each department that any special item required was at once furnished with all its necessary and satisfactory vouchers. This will account for the fact that a corporation of such vast magnitude and importance could be fully and satisfactorily examined in a few weeks, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have required as many months.

WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.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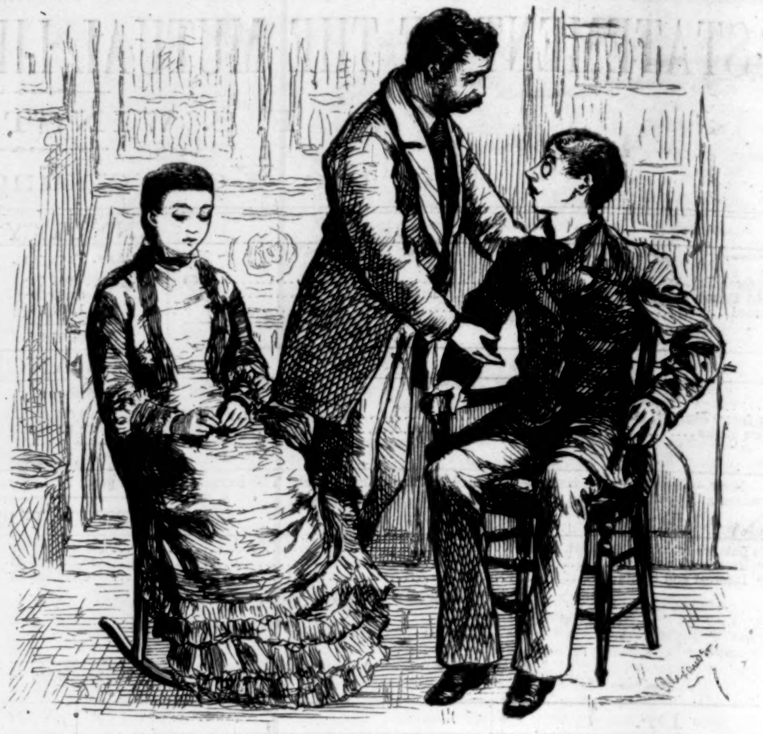

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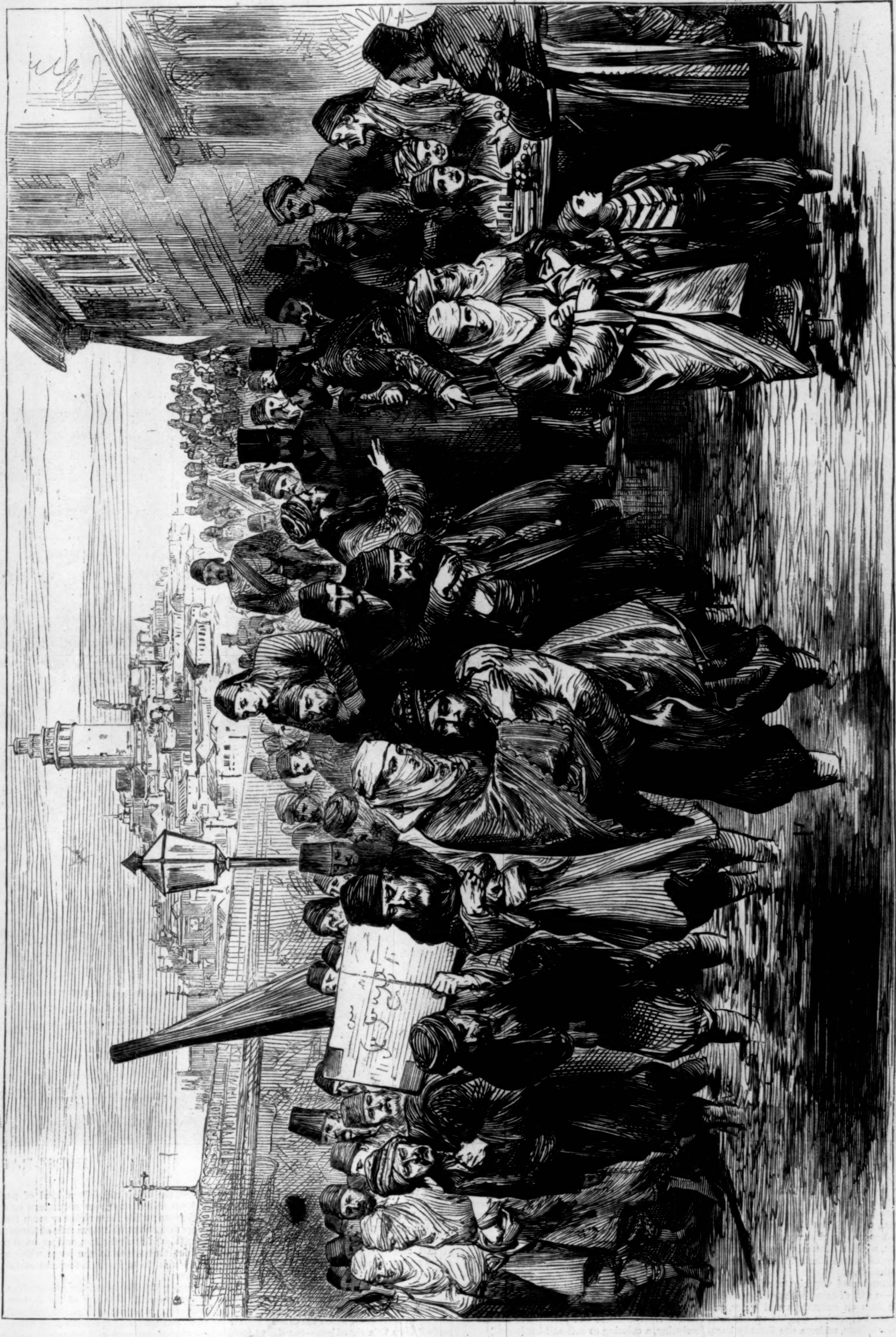
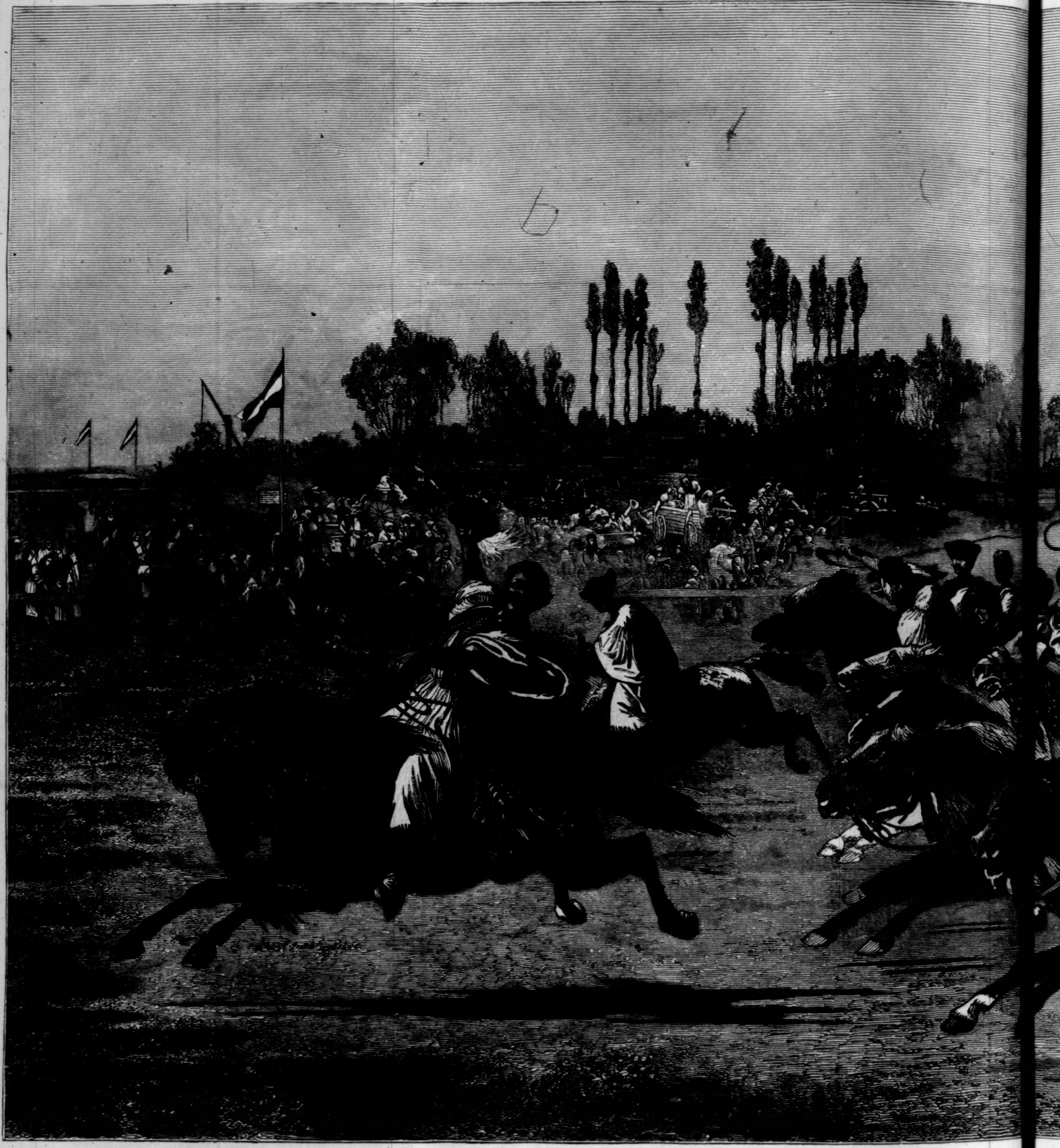


HEAVY RAINS AT CONSTANTINOPLE—PEOPLE GOING TO HEAR THE READING OF THE CONSTITUTION.

RAIN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

OF all cities in the world Constantinople is, perhaps, the worst in which to encounter a rain-storm; and unhappily, here as elsewhere, on the very occasions when sunshine is specially desirable the mischievous powers that control such matters frequently conspire to send down their floods upon the earth. The day appointed by the Sultan's government for the proclamation of the new Constitution for the Turkish Empire was not favored with auspicious weather. This ceremony took place in front of the "Sublime Porte," in Stamboul, the Turkish capital, divided from Galata and Pera by the Golden Horn. The first meeting of the European diplomatic Conference was held on the same day at Pera. There was a crowd of people, whose curiosity was excited by these important events, passing to and fro upon the wooden draw-bridge between Galata and the suburb of Stamboul. Having arrived at the other side, the crowd was brought to a sudden stoppage by a large quantity of water, evidently caused by the heavy rains of the night before, which entirely prevented those on the bridge getting to *terra firma* without walking through it, or being carried over it on men's backs. Such, at least, was the awkward plight of the foot-passengers. As our artist passed over in a carriage, he could not resist the opportunity of sketching the scene. The Turkish ladies were carried over by men, loudly quarreling for the fares, and striving who should earn the most money. In the left-hand corner some one had thrown down a couple of planks; but this was not enough to enable the immense crowd to pass by. Some ladies picked up their petticoats and bravely walked through the flood.

The street scenes of Constantinople are perhaps as entertaining to the Eastern traveller as any other feature of that remarkable city. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, in recording his first impressions upon entering the Turkish capital, says: "As usual, the deck of the *Leonidas* was covered in an instant by a polyglot crowd. It was a medley of Turkish, Greek, Italian, Armenian, French, and English. I was sadly perplexed amidst this Babel, although before starting I had studied Turkish under the best masters, when there appeared in a caique, like a guardian angel, the person to whom I was consigned and recommended, and who knew in his own proper person all the languages that ever were spoken, and seemingly some few be-



HORSE-RACING IN DALMATIA From

sides. He sent to the devil (each in his own tongue) all the rascals who were devouring me, took me into his boat, and conducted me to the custom-house, where the officials contented themselves with a mere glance at my scantily stocked portmanteau, which a *hammal*, or porter, immediately afterward tossed like a feather across his Herculean shoulders.

"The hammal is of a species peculiar to Constantinople—a sort of camel with two legs and no hump. He lives on cucumbers and water, and carries the most enormous weights up the most perpendicular streets, under a sun literally burning. These men carry upon their shoulders a stuffed leathern cushion, on which they place their burdens, stooping greatly under the weight, and bearing the strain upon the neck like oxen. Their dress consists of loose linen trowsers, a coarse yellow jacket, and a fez, about which is wound a handkerchief. Their chests and bodies are generally well developed; but, singular as it may appear, their legs are often very slender. It is amazing to see legs which look like two flutes in russet leather cases sustain weights beneath which Hercules would bend.

"In following the hammal, who led the way toward a lodging which had been secured for me near the principal street of Pera, I found myself bewildered in a labyrinth of streets and lanes, narrow, crooked, mean, and infamously paved, full of holes and puddles, thronged with mangy curs, and asses loaded with bricks and mortar. The lovely mirage which had inwrapped the city as seen from the sea rapidly disappeared. The paradise was changed into a *cloaca*, the poetry turned into prose; and I could not but ask myself, sadly, how these ugly and ruinous houses could derive from distance and perspective aspects so seducing, a coloring so soft and luminous."

On ordinary occasions the streets of Constantinople are not lighted, and at night every one is obliged to carry a lantern, as if he were looking for somebody (or haply emulating the search made by DIOGENES); but at the time of the Ramadan nothing can be more joyously bright than these narrow streets and these abodes of habitual darkness, along which sparkle, from point to point, paper lanterns, while the shops, open throughout the night, throw out long trains of light, which illumine the surrounding houses. On every stall is nothing but lamps, candles, and tapers; the vendors in the open air surround themselves with tapers to attract custom; groups of friends sup together beneath the lamps; the smokers, seated before the entrance of the cafés, revive with each puff the glowing tip of their chibouques or nargiles; and among this joyous crowd the light falls in vast and variegated masses, reflected in all colors and shades and in every possible direction.

The Ramadan, as every one knows, is a sort of feast lined with a carnival. The day is a fast, the night a feast; the penance is followed by a debauch as a legitimate compensation. From sunrise to sunset—of which the precise instant is made known by a signal gun—the Koran forbids the tasting of food or drink, or even the indulgence of a pipe, which last is a dreadful deprivation to a people whose lips rarely quit the amber mouth-piece of the chibouque or nargile. To assuage even the most agonizing thirst by a draught of water were, during the day, a grave sin; but from evening until morning every thing is permitted, and the devotees then recompense themselves amply for their compulsory abstinence.

As soon as the sunset gun is fired the feast begins, and the multitude eat with appetites sharpened by a fourteen hours' fast. Some eat balls of rice or of hashed meat wrapped in vine leaves; others, the *kebab* rolled in a kind of pancake; and yet others, enormous cucumbers or *carpons* of Smyrna; while those richer or more fastidious gorge themselves with more refined meats or with quantities of confectionery, and no small number restrict themselves to the large white mulberries which lie in heaps before the stalls of the fruiterers.

During the Ramadan the utmost freedom of action prevails. The use of the lantern is not compulsory, as at other times, the brilliantly lighted streets rendering the precaution unnecessary; the giaours can remain in Istamboul until the last light is extinguished—an experiment not without danger at other times of the year. During the whole night the illuminated thoroughfares are crowded with Turks, seated on the ground or upon low stools, smoking with that evident zest earned by a day of abstinence. The streets present a perpetual coming and going, a bustle and confusion the most animated and picturesque imaginable, for between the immovable lines of smokers pours an endless stream of promenaders of all nations, sexes, and ages. The feast lasts until the signal gun announces, with the first ray of sunlight, the return of the fast.

HORSE-RACIN

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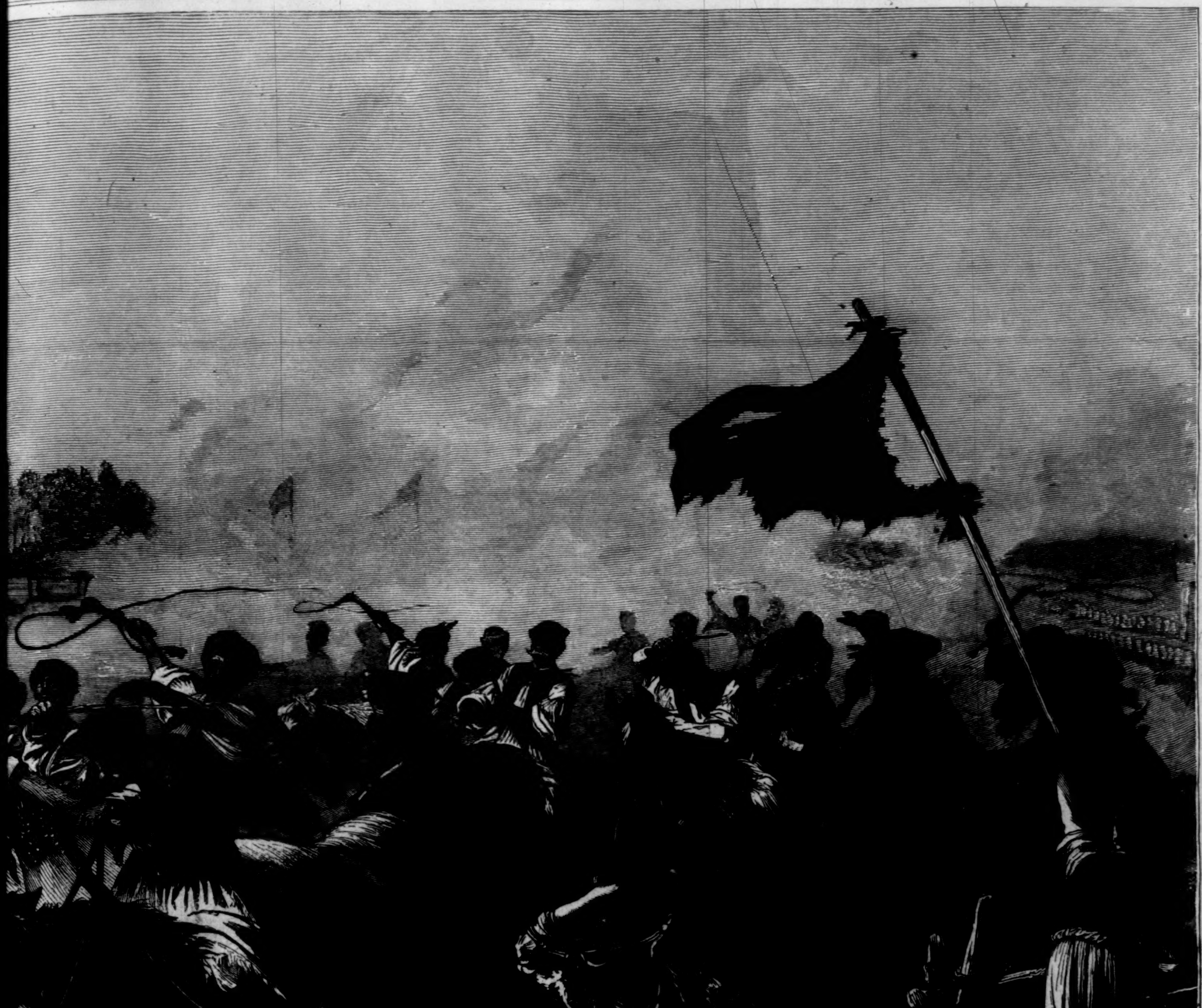

ATIA FROM THE PAINTING BY WAGNER.]

CIN DALMATIA.

rited ing from WAGNER'S ng wi our readers a good custo a part of the world trave that portion of the know almatia. The jock- on the es with wild shouts ich w ardly be considered their cultivated brothers but th rough enjoyment of nt. A people of this part the H ns, are born horse- steeds ugh, wiry little ani- great nce.

narro of territory extend- stern f the Adriatic, and n Cro d Herzegovina by a ins. s, with its adjacent st sou crown-lands of the . The is every where steep the c islands separated land b resque straits and like r. Numerous bays coast xcellent havens and Offse the Dinaric Alps traverse the interior, and attain in Mount Orien the highest culminating point—an elevation of 6332 feet. The Velebich Mountains separating Dalmatia from Croatia, and which belong to the Julian Alps, have a height of more than 5000 feet. The mountains of Dalmatia, for the most part composed of limestone, present a bleak and barren aspect, with many romantic chasms and fissures, through which dash impetuous mountain streams.

The chief rivers of Dalmatia, none of which, however, are of any importance, are the Zermagna, Kerka, Settina, and Narenta, the second and third of which are broken in several places by beautiful cascades and falls. The lakes are numerous, but with the exception of Lake Vrana, which is separated from the Adriatic by only a narrow tongue of land, and the waters of which are brackish, they are periodical, drying up in summer, and filling their beds in late autumn. A large part of the whole area of Dalmatia consists of moor and morass, yet in summer there is often a great scarcity of water. The climate is, in general, warmer than that of any other part of Austria, the African sirocco being occasionally felt on its shores.

Agriculture in Dalmatia is in a backward condition. About one-ninth of the land is arable, and produces wheat, barley, oats, maize, rye, and potatoes. Wine and olives are also among the productions. More than one-half the land is pasture, and wood occupies about a fifth. The islands are not very fertile, but supply good timber for ship-building. Cattle-rearing, sea-faring, and the fisheries on the coast form the chief industries.

Of the whole population of Dalmatia, it is computed that about 30,000 are Italians, 1000 Albanians, 410 Jews, and the remainder consists of Southern Sclavonians, or the Dalmatians and Morlaks. The Dalmatians are a fine race of men, bold and brave as seamen and soldiers, and formerly were the main support of the military power of Venice. But it must be added that they are deceitful and rapacious, while the love of independence is extreme. They speak the Illyrian-Servian or Herzegovinian dialect; but the language used in the government offices, especially in Spalatro, is the Italian. The Morlaks, who inhabit the interior of the mountain districts, and the Turkish *sanjak* of Hersek are also good soldiers, hospitable, and faithful to their engagements, and ardent lovers of independence; but, according to report, they are addicted to robbery and drunkenness.

In ancient times Dalmatia was a kingdom of considerable importance. Its first defeat was in the time of AUGUSTUS, when, after many unsuccessful attempts, the Romans finally subjugated it. After the fall of the Western Empire, Dalmatia, which had formed the most southern part of the province of Illyricum, was captured by the Goths, from whom it was taken by the Avari, who in their turn yielded it to the Sclavonians about 620. The state founded by the Sclavonians continued until the beginning of the eleventh century, when King LADISLAUS of Hungary incorporated a part of Dalmatia with Croatia, while the remaining portion, under the title of duchy, placed itself beneath the protection of the Venetian republic. The Turks afterward made themselves masters of a small portion; and by the peace of Campo-Formio the Venetian part of Dalmatia, with Venice itself, became subject to Austrian rule. In 1805, when Austria had ceded this part of Dalmatia to NAPOLEON, it was annexed to the kingdom of Italy; five years later it was joined to Illyria. Finally, in 1814, this vexed territory was, with the exception of the Turkish portion, reunited to Austria. Following the example of NAPOLEON, who endeavored to make use of its resources for the development of a navy, Austria has of late years done much to increase the commercial importance of Dalmatia. A naval academy has been opened at Spalatro, several harbors have been deepened and otherwise improved, and ship-building has been wisely encouraged. From 300 to 400 vessels are built every year at the various ports along the coast, but most of them are fishing-boats or suited only to the coast trade.

The turbulent character of the Dalmatians makes them troublesome subjects to govern. They are quick to resist any infringement of their liberties. In October, 1869, a serious rising took place in the district of Cattaro, the rural inhabitants of which flew to arms, in consequence of an attempt to execute the military law under harsh conditions; and for several weeks they held the Austrian army in check. Their success was, however, only temporary. They met with a severe defeat at the battle of Lisio, and were compelled to surrender and submit to all the conditions imposed upon them by Austria.